

THE WAR CRY

OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION

WILLIAM BOOTH
FOUNDER

BLOOD AND FIRE
THE SALVATION ARMY

ARMY IN

CANADA
BRAMWELL BOOTH
GENERAL

WEST AND ALASKA

INTERNATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
181 Queen Victoria St., London, E.C.

TERRITORIAL HEADQUARTERS
317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg

VOL. VIII. No. 22. Price 5c.

Winnipeg, June 4, 1927

CHAS. T. RICH, Lt.-Commissioner.



Weighed in the Balances and Found Wanting

A SELF-made man—SELF all through. Every speculation successful—all for Number One—BUT when weighed in the balances against a good life, he cannot begin to turn the scale.—(See "The Gospel of Greed," p. 6)

Daily Bible Meditations

Sunday, Genesis 27: 1-17. "I shall see . . . a deceiver, and . . . bring a curse upon me." No thought of his aged father's disappointment, or of his brother's grief and loss, troubled Jacob. All he feared was the failure of his scheme, with its consequent results to himself. Yet, in this mean, selfish spirit, God saw desire after, and capacity for, great spiritual blessing. So Jacob the cheat was led by years of stern and stripping discipline into the experience of Israel, "A Prince of God."

Monday, Genesis 27: 18-33. "And he discerned him not . . . so he blessed him." We feel how mean Jacob was to deceive his old, blind father. We shall see later how he was repaid to the full in his own coin. His uncle, Laban, deceived him again and again; his own sons lied to him about the disappearance of his favorite son Joseph, whom he mourned as dead for thirteen long years.

Tuesday, Genesis 27: 34-46. "Hast thou not reserved a blessing for me?" Our Heavenly Father is not like Isaac. He has blessings in abundance for all His children. He has no favorites, and it is our own fault if we have not the heavenly gifts we desire.

"His love has no limit, His grace has no measure,

His power no boundary, known unto me;

For, out of His infinite riches in Jesus,

He giveth, and giveth, and giveth again."

Wednesday, Genesis 28: 1-5, 10-22. "Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not." Jacob, like some of us did not realize that God was ever with him. He thought of God's presence as reserved for special places and occasions. At Bethel the God of his fathers was revealed to him as the "Omnipresent God." "The deepest meaning of all life is that ye should be won to seek God, who in it all is seeking us." (Dr. McLaren.)

Thursday, Genesis 29: 1-20. "They seemed to him but a few days for . . . love." How wonderful is love in its power to make a rough road easy, and a long waiting-time short! It enables us to do many things which we could never do for money or reward.

"In a service which Thy love appoints, There are no bounds for me; And a life of self-renouncing love, Is a life of liberty."

Friday, Genesis 31: 1-7, 17-26. "Return unto the land of thy fathers." For twenty hard and difficult years Jacob had lived in a strange land. He had gone out alone, but was now returning a rich man with many possessions. God's promise made at Bethel had come true. But God seeks by various kinds of discipline to perfect the character of His servants, and Jacob had yet much to learn through sorrow and trial.

Saturday, Genesis 31: 36-44. "God hath seen mine affliction." In spite of his waywardness, God did not forget Jacob, but helped and blessed him. Jacob recognized that his wealth came from God, and that but for Him, Laban would have outwitted him. Have others taken unfair advantage of you? Do not seek to return evil for evil, but leave your cause in God's hands. "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay," saith the Lord.

Chinese Proverbs

That the wicked have plenty to eat is no indication of the approval of Heaven.

If you do not scale the mountain you cannot view the plain.

Better not do kindnesses at all than do them in the hope of recompense.

Though a snake may get into a bamboo tube, it is hard to change its wriggling disposition.

Marble is not less hard or less cold for being polished.

A Word to Those Who are Growing Old

By COMMISSIONER S. L. BRENCLE, D.D.

IN one of my recent Meetings, a dear sister who has been serving the Lord and walking in the Light for many years, confessed with tears that her joy was not what it used to be. In youth her joys leaped up like springing fountains and singing birds. A verse of Scripture would suddenly stand out with its assuring messages and fill her with gladness, and songs in the night welled up from her glad heart, but now she says she often has heaviness of spirit, and the way seems to get harder. While she feels sure that she is accepted of God, yet she feels that she is not enjoying what she once enjoyed.

God forbid that I should offer any false comfort or through lack of faith limit the power of God to fill us with the rapturous joys of youth as we grow older. But is it reasonable for us to suppose that this should be so? In youth as we waited upon the Lord we found our spiritual strength renewed and we "mounted up as with wings of eagles." In middle age as we wait upon the Lord, we find our strength renewed and we "run and are not weary." In old age as we wait upon the Lord, our strength is renewed but we must now "walk and not faint."

Widens and Deepens

None of the natural senses are as keen in old age as in youth. The ap-

peal to frequent seasons of prayer, singing and humming through old songs with an active exercise of faith will help to keep the joy bells ringing. I am a rather poor sleeper and only recently in the small hours of the night before the birds were singing, I found myself wide awake, and to bless my own soul and control and guide my thoughts without disturbing others, I softly in almost a whisper sang, "I need Thee, O I need Thee," and my heart was strangely warmed and blessed as I sang.

Live in Anticipation

(2) Again old people are not wise to spend too much time considering the joys of long ago and comparing them with present emotions. They should live in anticipation of joys yet to come rather than dwelling upon joys that are past. God's storehouse is not exhausted. For those who love and follow Jesus, "The best is yet to come." Paul said that he forgot the things behind and looking forward he pressed on like an eager racer towards the things that are before.

Those who keep looking backward instead of forward are likely to stumble and miss the joys that spring up around about them. It is not well to be comparing the present with the past, but we should each moment seek to exercise full and glad faith in our Lord for the present and the future.

THE TRIPLE BLESSING



THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee
The Lord make His face shine upon thee,
and be gracious unto thee;
the Lord lift up His countenance upon thee,
and give thee peace.

petite for food, the joy in society, the rapturous friendships of youth do not continue quite the same through the years, and may it not be so spiritually? It is true that the apostle says while the outward man perishes, the inward man is renewed day by day. But is not the joy in some measure, at least, modified by the sobering experiences of the years? The river that started as a bubbling, leaping, laughing brook in the mountains, often rushing in torrents through narrow and precipitous ways, gradually widens and deepens and flows peacefully and without noise as it nears the sea. May it not be so in our spiritual life? Is not the river of God's peace flowing through the hearts of the aged a deeper and richer experience than the exuberant joys at the beginning of the spiritual life?

The pressing infirmities of the flesh, and the gradual decay of memory and other powers may account for some of the apparent loss of joy in those who are growing old.

A Soothing Effect

The enlarged knowledge of the malignant, massive, stubborn powers of evil may have a sobering effect upon the mind which, if not watchfully guarded against and met with quiet, steadfast faith, may tend to lessen joy.

If the children do not serve God with the ardor we wish, or souls for whom we pray do not at once get saved, or the work of God which is dear to our hearts languishes, the devil may tempt us to doubt or repine and so our joy is quenched.

What steps can be taken to prevent or arrest the failure of joy?

(1) Aged people should still stir up the gift of God that is in them as we stir up a fire that is burning low.

Salvation Army

Beliefs

THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE

1. The Inspiration of the Bible is that special working or influence of the Holy Spirit whereby He fitted His chosen servants to receive the truth which He revealed, and guided them in writing it down.

"Inspiration" literally means "in-breathing"; "divine inspiration" means "inbreathing by God." Thus both the Bible writers and the Bible itself are "God-breathed." Consequently the Book comes to us with divine authority.

"Holy men of God spoke as they were moved by the Holy Ghost" (2 Peter i. 21.)

2. Divine revelation and divine inspiration go together.

(a) The Inspiration of the Bible includes three operations of the Holy Spirit:

i. Revelation of divine truth.

ii. Illumination of His chosen agents. This is, the Holy Spirit fitted them to receive and understand the revelation given.

iii. Direction in making the written record.

(b) The inspiration of the Bible presupposes and includes the giving of divine revelation.

It is in this respect, among others, that the inspiration of the writers of the Bible differs so radically from the inspiration of other authors. We speak of the "inspiration" of a Milton, or of some other writer, but that is inspiration of quite another order. Such writers make no claim to record direct God-given revelation.

Then again, although all God's obedient people are "inspired" or fitted by the Holy Spirit for the work to which He calls them, His followers are not usually called to receive special revelation from God; hence their "inspiration" is not the same as that of the Bible writers.

(c) Usually the revelation was recorded by the one who received it, as in the case of the Prophets and Apostles. In other cases the inspired writer was closely in touch with those to whom the revelation was given.

(d) We believe the whole Bible to be inspired, though not necessarily all parts of it in the same way or in the same degree.

(To be continued)

He has a portion of joy for us now. But the ineffable glory and blessing and joy are yet to come, when we see His face to face and hear Him say, "Well done—come!"

We must keep our eyes on Jesus, looking unto Him, the Author and Finisher of our faith. We must look away from the seen things to unseen, eternal things, to the purpose and covenant of God in Christ steadfast and sure; to His promises great and precious, shining like stars forever and assuring us of God's interest in us.

Give God Thanks

We should carefully count up our present mercies and blessings and give God thanks for them. It may be better with us than we think. John Fletcher said that he at one time became so eager for what he had not yet received that he failed to rejoice and enjoy the things God had already given him. That is an almost certain way to lose what we have. It is well, it is indeed a duty, to stretch out for the things before, but we must not forget to give God thanks and enjoy the things He now gives us.

In feeble health we may not be able at all times to realize all we have to be glad about. There may be deep and at times prolonged depression of spirit arising from physical causes.

"The body and soul are near neighbors," said the Founder, "and they greatly influence each other." Elijah was physically exhausted when he got under that juniper tree and wanted to die, but God let him sleep, awakened him and gave him a simple meal of bread and water, let him sleep again, and again awakened and fed him and let him live in the open in sunshine and fresh air and so revived him, gave him a man's work to do

and took him to heaven in a chariot of fire. All God's resources were not exhausted because Elijah was depressed and exhausted. The best was yet to be with Elijah! Simple food, fresh air, and sunshine, labor and rest are still important for old people, if they wish to keep a happy experience.

Mingle with God's People

Finally, old people should still go to the House of God and mingle with God's people. It was in the temple that aged Simeon and Anna, the prophetess found the little Lord Jesus, and the Psalmist sang, if not from his own experience, then from observation of others, and in assured faith: "Those that be planted in the House of the Lord shall flourish in the courts of our God. They shall bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing; to show that the Lord is upright." (Psa. 92: 13-15). Hallelujah!

"When darkness seems to veil His face I rest on His unchanging grace, I dare not trust the sweetest frame, But wholly lean on Jesus' name."

"His love is in times past forbids me to think He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review Confirms His good pleasure to see me quite through."

Will's Disobedience or Unequally Yoked

By MRS. STAFF-CAPTAIN OTWAY

WILL DUNCAN was the only child of Christian parents. His mother was a gentle little soul, whose heart was bound up in love for her boy. His father a quiet, solid man who had been compelled to leave college while studying to be a doctor, to take his father's place at home and help support the large family of brothers and sisters. Will's father was ambitious for his son who had done well at school, passed exams with ease, good at sports, fine physique, good natured, and deeply attached to his home.

Mother's fond hopes

Will was ready to leave High School and up till now very little had been said as to his future. His mother fondly hoped one day her son would fill the pulpit and sway the crowds.

As a little fellow Will had been very much interested in mission work and had won several prizes for collecting the highest amounts.

His father hoped the boy would shine in the medical world, but both parents had decided that Will should have his choice. They had made many sacrifices to give him a good start when the time came.

One night he had delighted his father by asking to take a special course in first aid. Many an evening while mother sat in her chair and smiled and dreamed of the future watching the father and son practicing on each other, setting and bandaging imaginary broken bones, how she prayed that her boy should be kept unspotted from the world. At last Mr. Duncan felt he must hear from his son's lips what he desired to fit himself for in the future.

"Will, put on your cap, we will take a walk," he said one night, and the two set out. Mrs. Duncan watched from the window. How tall her boy was growing and how broad, so like his father. Once more she committed him to the loving care of her Heavenly Father. When they returned from the walk Will was plainly seen by the face of her husband that something was wrong. She brought in the usual cup of cocoa, then looked into his face enquiringly.

A startling decision

"Mother," he began, "I'm stunned. Will tells me he must join the military; he has no desire to be a doctor or a preacher. Just think of it." Mrs. Duncan did think of it for several minutes then she said, "We must leave it, father, we have always said the boy should choose for himself."

Will had come downstairs and halfway to the door, saw his father and mother kneeling at the table, heard his mother talking to God about him. He vowed in his heart that while his choice of occupation might disappoint his parents, yet he would always keep their name clean and never give them cause to grieve over him. If Will had only stepped inside the room and knelt beside them how different a tale might have been told.

Up to this time he had been naturally a good and obedient son, but he had never given himself to the Lord. True he said his prayers and read a portion of Scripture every night. But there had been no new birth nor had he ever been confronted with any fierce tempta-

tion. His life had hitherto been smooth sailing. Will was now eighteen years of age.

One day he came home and told his mother about a new fellow in his class, the son of a Salvation Army Officer. The two boys had chummed together all the week and Alf had invited Will to spend Sunday with him.

Mrs. Duncan had no objection and Will spent a very interesting Sunday. The meetings were new to him, the Band attracted him and Alf pointed out to him several smart boys whom he said were Life-Saving Scouts. Several people knelt at the Mercy-Seat all night. Will was convicted but did not yield that night. This visit was followed by others

Holiness Meeting knowing of the appointment of the afternoon? When he did come downstairs and then go out without his uniform his mother knew something was wrong. What a different home was that where Miss Prince lived. The large family of boys and girls all seemed to have invited a friend for this special Sunday. Such loud laughter, such coarse jokes, and then dancing to jazz music. Will was certainly very much out of place, but Miss Prince paid great attention to him and tried to make him feel at home. This visit was only the first of many others. Everything else was neglected—home, band, prayer, meetings.

Will's mother pointed out to him that there could be no happiness for him if



Father and son looked into each other's eyes

and then one Sunday morning Will Duncan walked boldly out to the front and gave himself to the Lord.

Began attending the Army

His father and mother at that time did not understand a great deal about the Salvation Army, and so they began to attend the meetings. Will became a Soldier, testified in the meetings, learned to play an instrument and wore the Army uniform. One day he brought home Candidates' forms. "Well, mother," exclaimed his father, "it looks as if you are going to have your wish. Will is to be a preacher all right."

Useful days followed as a Candidate. Then Will made a great mistake by consenting to go with a school chum to a concert instead of to band practice. A young lady with a wonderful voice sang. She was good looking, tall and attractive, just the kind of a girl he had pictured one day he would like to meet. The friend, seeing he was attracted to the singer, volunteered to get an introduction through the girl's brother. The result was that Will accepted an invitation to the home of Miss Prince for the next Sunday. How his conscience pricked him. On Sunday morning he pleaded a headache. How could he go to the

he married this girl; Miss Prince was a worldling and they had nothing in common. Will was making the mistake so many have made, thinking that after they were married he could win her over to God. He was determined to have this young girl at any cost.

Then came the most bitter blow. Will told his parents that he had been married a week and begged to be allowed to bring home his young bride, pleading that his mother's influence was all that was needed to make his wife perfect. He gained his point.

It was soon seen by Will's father that the arrangement was impossible. Will's wife refused to be influenced for good. Her sisters and friends would call to see her and turn the quiet home into a rank boudoir.

At last Mr. Duncan drew from the bank the money they had saved to start their boy in some profession, the parents furnished a comfortable flat and the young people left. How quickly Will then realized his mistake. Night after night their home was filled with his wife's friends. After he would come home from his father's office where he was employed he would find his wife out and no supper ready for him. Then the baby came and Will hoped for brighter days. His

wife did not welcome the little stranger, but Will was delighted with his young son.

Tried to reason with her

When he came home night after night, however, and found his wife out and the baby left in the care of a neighbor's little girl, he tried to reason with her. They quarreled bitterly and although the hour was late she left the house telling him she would never live with him again. Brokenhearted, he packed up a few of the baby's things and took him to his mother. There seemed no hope of a reconciliation.

One morning Will's mother found a note on the table telling her how it grieved him to leave her, but he could not endure the remorse, adding that he would send money for his little son and praying that he would grow up to be a great comfort to them.

Will left the country, but at regular intervals money reached the old couple who lavished the same tender care on wee Billy. Very like his dad he grew, but grandma never got over the deep sorrow that tore at her heart and when Billy was still a little fellow she passed away. Her last thought and prayer was for her wandering boy and kissing Billy "Bye good bye" she said. "Some day when you see daddy you must tell him grandma will wait beyond the pearly gates for him." Billy did not understand then, although the scene returned to him in after years. Grandpa and Billy were always together. They attended Army meetings and Billy gave his heart to God and became a Corps Cadet and a Candidate. A few weeks before he entered the Training Garrison Grandpa quite suddenly passed away, leaving Billy the same charge. Grandma had in previous years.

On their way to India

Years passed and Billy, now Captain Duncan, and his wife were on their way to an appointment in India. Sitting on the deck they talked of the past and the future. "God moves in a mysterious way his wonders to perform," Billy repeated the verse to his wife and wondered in his heart would he ever have the opportunity of delivering the messages of love and forgiveness from his grandparents to his own father. They finally reached their appointment and soon became accustomed to the new country and were very happy in their work.

One day the Captain was visiting a large military hospital. Passing through the grounds he saw an elderly man sitting under the shade of some trees. A book lay open on his lap and he was gazing into space. The young Officer paused. He was strangely drawn towards the veteran soldier. He drew nearer. Father and son looked into each other's eyes, their hands and hearts met and tears were shed when the Captain delivered the messages from the dying lips of his grandparents.

Months passed—the wanderer then returned to the fold through the faith and prayers of his boy. Remorse cannot undo the past, but now Will prays that this disobedience to the voice of God may be a lesson to his own boy and to others who step from the path of duty. He is happy knowing his dear father and mother forgave him, also glad that his boy was spared to do something of the work he might have done.

Gathered Gold from Thoughts of Great Thinkers

"Duty makes us do all things well, but love makes us do them beautifully."

—PHILLIP BROOKS.

"Real joy comes not from ease, not from riches, not from the applause of men, but from having done things that were worth while." —W. GREENFELL.

"So many people think that Love is 'getting,' whereas Love is 'giving.'" —G. A. STEELE.

"The true waste of life consists in the love we have not given, the service we have not rendered, the sacrifice from which we have drawn back." —ANON.

"No man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he

has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it." —JOHN RUSKIN.

"We ought to act with God in the greatest simplicity, speaking to Him frankly and plainly, and imploring His assistance in our affairs, just as they happen. God never failed to grant it, as he had often experienced." —BROTHER LAWRENCE.

"There is nothing that makes men rich and strong but that which they carry inside of them. Wealth is of the heart, not of the hand." —JOHN MILTON.

"Measure thy life by loss, instead of gain; not by the wine drunk, but the wine poured forth;"

For love's strength standeth in love's sacrifice.

And whoso suffers most hath most to give." —MRS. HAMILTON KING.

"It was never yet loving that emptied the heart, or giving that emptied the purse." —DORA GREENWELL.

"A poor man served by thee shall make thee rich;

A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong;

Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense

Of service which thou renderest."

—ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"There doth not live any so poor but they may give. Any so rich but may receive." —M. T. PRESTON.

"It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity

of doing a kindness, speaking a true word, or making a friend." —JOHN RUSKIN.

"Make such a habit of well doing in you that you shall not know how to do evil." —SIR PHILIP SYDNEY.

Unconscious Influences

It is not easy to tell how the seed-thought is borne into a heart, there to germinate and ripen; for influences are subtle, invisible things. Like the pollen of a flower, which may be carried on the antennae of some unconscious insect, or borne into the future by some passing breeze, so influences which will yet ripen into character and make destinies, are thrown off unconsciously from our common deeds, or they are borne on the wings of a chance, casual word.

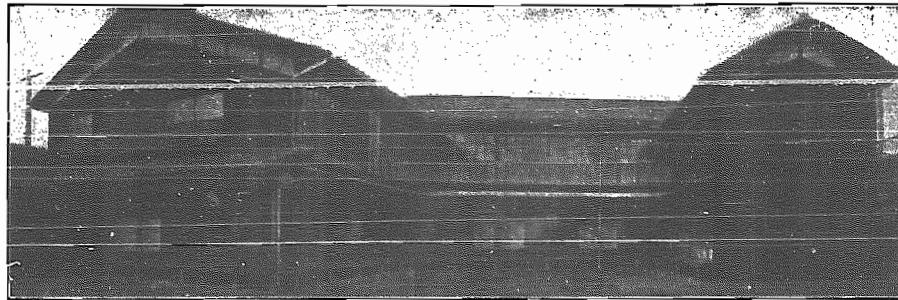


The Three Coco-nuts

Hindu Mother's Prayers Answered in the Restoration of her Little One

An interesting story comes to us from a village in the Gudivada Division of the Madras and Telugu Territory. A caste Hindu woman, whose child was very ill, prayed to the "Christian Jesus" for the little one, and the child recovered. "What shall I render for this goodness?" she thought. "In the public Meeting I will make confession and bring my offering," and she came with three coco-nuts, her gift of thanksgiving. The congregation were deeply moved and impressed.

The offering was eventually put up for auction and our Salvationists bid it up to one rupee. Then the coco-nuts were given back to the Soldiers to be sold again. A second time they were knocked down for one rupee, and



The Army's splendid Home for Discharged Prisoners at Osaka, Japan.

again given back and sold a third time, realizing three rupees in all. So was the sharing of one blessing among many.

Travelling Army Bookstall Accomplishes Good Work Among English Villages

Acting upon the suggestion of the General, Commissioner Wilson, in charge of the Salvationist Publishing and Supplies Dept., London, has equipped a travelling Army Bookstall, with which is combined a bed-sitting-room scullery, electrically lighted and heated—the whole making a handy compendium of Army activities, and a constant witness of Salvation.

Unostentatiously the little expedition stole out of London and already it has made considerable progress among the English villages. The purchasers of books included ministers of various denominations, one of whom wrote as follows: "Your teaching on life, Holiness, and practical religion is just what my people want. I must have some more copies." Salvationists, too, have not been slow to take advantage of this unprecedented publishing facility.

Never Heard of Christ

Near Coelachel, in the South India Territory, are a number of people belonging to the Vetti Paraya community (an Indian caste) among whom Christians have never previously worked. They have now heard the Salvation story from the lips of Salvationists, and then thousands have expressed their desire to come over to the Army. Two families in one village have already publicly enlisted. In another village a man, who had never listened to any Christian before, made up his mind to leave his old religion and, together with his family, became a disciple of Christ. This man, being very influential, there is hope of many more following his example.

A JAPANESE BUSINESS MAN'S VICTORY

Converted in Army he Takes Decided Stand against Drink and Dancing

A SPLENDID story comes over the ocean to us from Japan which well illustrates the fact that Army Converts, no matter what their nationality be, understand clearly the high standards set by the Organization in its definition of Salvation.

During an eight days' campaign conducted last year in the city of Hakodate, a leading shoe manufacturer knelt at the Mercy-Seat. He was a great drunkard, spending as much as 100 yen (about \$50) a month in intoxicating liquor, and in the pursuit of pleasure. Although he professed to get converted he did not make

They agreed, and he attended the gathering in full Army uniform, took his place as president, and at the close of the banquet presented each guest with a copy of the "War Cry". He now holds regular Meetings with his employees, and is endeavoring to induce his son, who assists him in the management of the business, to follow his example and become a Salvationist.

Lieut.-Commissioner Yamamuro, Territorial Commander for Japan, recently fulfilled a promise made some time ago

International Newslets

Testifying at an English Corps recently, a man said that some months ago his children would come to the public-house crying, "Daddy, come home!" "Now," he added, "I've found a better way of living, and my wife and children realize what a change it has meant in the home."

Commander Eva Booth recently officiated at the opening of a new Women's Home at Birmingham, Alabama, and lectured to an immense crowd at the First Methodist Church in the same city.

Colonel Jack Addie, spiritual special for the Central U.S. Territory and the first Officer to commence the Army Work in Canada, recently campaigned at Ironwood, Michigan. There were over sixty seekers.

Inspiring Y. P. Councils were recently conducted by Lt.-Commissioner and Mrs. McMillan at Minneapolis. There were 27 volunteers for Officership and 46 seekers. A "Pageant of Victory" was included among the events.

A well-situated and commodious Citadel for the needs of the Chicago XXII Corps was recently opened by Lt.-Commissioner McMillan.

Regarded as a necessity for Army work, a recent count-up of Ford automobiles and trucks used in the Central U.S. Territory places the figure at 642.

Representatives of the Army were invited to attend a luncheon given in honor of General Summerall, Chief of Staff of the United States' Army, on his recent visit to Chicago. Among the Salvationists present were six or eight Officers who served with the First Division in France.

The Army in Holland is this year celebrating its diamond jubilee, it being sixty years since the Blood-and-Fire Flag was unfurled in this country. A special number of the Dutch "War Cry" has been issued to commemorate the event. Lt.-Commissioner Wm. Howard is the Territorial Commander.

Captain Jean Brown, of the Seaforth Girls' Home, Southern Territory, Australia, while travelling to New South Wales on furlough recently, held an informal Sunday evening Meeting in a crowded railway carriage.

Household Troops Band Veterans Hold Reunion

Veterans of the famous Household Troops Band, associated with early Army history, met in the Regent Hall, London, to celebrate the fortieth anniversary of the Band's formation. Salvation stories which pulled at the heart, testimonies which melted many a listener, songs and choruses which revived stimulating memories, characterized the gatherings and when ten souls surrendered to God there was intense rejoicing.

No fewer than sixty veterans of those famous marches in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, America, Canada, and Holland, came together again on this occasion. It was a splendid tribute to the comradeship of the Army.

His First Pay

Sir Ernest Hodder Williams, who passed away recently in England, numbered many Salvation Army Officers amongst his acquaintances. As chairman of Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., who are the publishers of a number of books dealing with the Army's activities, including the General's "Echoes and Memories" and Harold Begbie's "Broken Earthenware" and "The Light of India," he became much interested in recent years in Salvationists the world over. But his touch with Army life and doings was of

longer standing than his merely business relationships, for—and he recited the fact with pride—the first money he ever earned was when, as a student in Berlin, he wrote a par describing a Meeting which the Founder held in the German capital and which he sent to the Editor of a big London paper, who remitted to him a postal-order for five shillings.

A correspondent writing to the British "War Cry" of her conversion says she was led to God by the household cook who was a Salvationist.

Travel Notes

By LT.-COLONEL SIMS
Territorial Young People's Secretary

Camrose is not a large Corps, in fact very small, but is improving under the leadership of Captain Morrison. In spite of being a proverbial hard concern, there are six or seven Officers on the Field who came out of this Corps during the past eight years and it is represented in the present Session by Cadet-Sergt. Eby. The Corps is represented in China by Mrs. Captain Patterson who came out of this Corps. Captain Joyce of Wetaskiwin was present in the Meeting and was very jubilant owing to the fact that his Self-Denial Target was smashed. * * *

Staff-Captain Merritt and myself spent a splendid weekend at Drumheller, and in spite of torrents of rain, the Comrades gathered for the Open-Air Meetings and the indoor crowds were splendid. The Divisional Commander addressed the Company-Meeting in the afternoon. All branches of Y.P. activities are doing well.

The energetic C.O., Commandant Lawson, is a student of economy and makes a study of redeeming the time. For several weeks she has received medical treatment on account of foot trouble, but refused to go to the hospital, being unwilling to leave the Corps work. A few days ago she fell and broke her wrist which necessitated resting for a couple of weeks, so she advised her doctor to operate on the foot thus preventing her from leaving her work for too long a period. God bless the Commandant! * * *

Leaving Drumheller at the close of the Monday night Meeting in which the Citadel was crowded, took train for Humboldt, arriving the following afternoon; during my stay in this Corps three Meetings were held at which the attendances were very good. Captain Renas and Lt. Hawkins are in charge.

Mixed trains are not the most convenient for comfort, especially when the train crew forget to light the fires and the weather is cold. After averaging ten miles an hour I arrived at Melfort and was met by Captain Thompson who was busy assisting the Corps Officers in their Self-Denial appeal, which promises to eclipse all previous efforts in spite of the fact that last year the Officers went nearly three hundred dollars over their Target. We had splendid Meetings here, both in the afternoon and at night, in spite of downpours of rain. * * *

Leaving Melfort in order to reach Sunny Valley for the weekend another mixed train had to be boarded, but to relieve the monotony the passenger car in which I was travelling jumped the track. The delay nearly caused me to miss my weekend appointment but the good work of the "wrecking gang" soon put things right.

Envoy and Mrs. Hunt with their Comrades were expecting a good weekend and were not disappointed. During the weekend the Hall was filled twice and the Y.P. Meeting was well attended, some coming ten to twelve miles and as many as eight to twelve people packed in cars or wagons. We had a good weekend.

As soon as seeding is completed the Sunny Valley Comrades intend to paint the Hall and fence the lot. The Corps Cadet Brigade is doing fine, and though they have so little opportunity of work compared with Cadets in town or city Corps, put up a splendid fight. The Home League is a live affair and the attendance at the regular Meetings is larger than any Corps in the Territory. What Corps can show a record of a regular attendance of forty? Sunny Valley is doing well and in for greater things.

Summing up my five weeks away from the "Hub," four weekends have been either snow or rain storms and in only two place out of eleven visited did it not do so. In spite of these obstacles, souls have been saved and we have had good times.

Sketches of our Officers

CAPTAIN G. BELLAMY, Grande Prairie

WHAT the children of Salvationists do not always immediately evince strong desires to follow in the steps of their parents is evidenced in the experience of Captain Bellamy, who is now stationed at the "farthest north" Corps in Sunny Alberta. Says the Captain: "I am the son of Salvationists parents, and, must say, had I followed the teaching of their lives and words I should have found happiness in Salvation far sooner than I

without the thought of a little celebration, however.

"The day previous to the New Year was arranged for the trip, which had to be made by team. The night previous to starting I was advised by my brother, with whom I was staying, not to attempt the trip because of the bad roads, and very severe Saskatchewan weather. So on the last of December I commenced my trip, driving a pair of mules, these being considered the only team suitable for the hard journey.

"On my arrival I commenced my celebration with my young Comrades whom I had known previously, and on the New Year, still having my "good time," I, with several others, attended the Army Meeting, with no thought of getting saved. As the Meeting advanced, however, I saw the Officers' concern for my soul. I thought it was time to get anxious also and God revealed to me my condition. But not to me alone; five of the young people who were with me also surrendered. God really came into my heart that night.

"Still my thought was not of service in the Army, but to go somewhere that was quieter. As I looked about me God revealed to me the opportunity for service which I could not find elsewhere, and so I threw in my lot with the Army. It was not long before I knew that God was calling me for Officership. I responded to the call and entered the 1923-24 "Fidelity" Session of Training."

Commissioned Lieutenant our Comrade was appointed to Macleod, followed by short terms at High River and Red Deer. In all of these appointments as well as the present one at Grande Prairie, he has had abundant evidence of God's blessing upon his life and work.



Capt. G. Bellamy

did. As a young man I had, I fear, very little regard for the Army, and considered the Meeting a place to "cut up" and have a jolly time.

"In the year 1921 I left my home town—Humboldt—to go to live some fifty miles away, but at the time of leaving, a Comrade of the Corps, whom I had known for some considerable time, invited me to come back to spend the New Year with the family. Although I was having what I considered a great time where I was, yet, when the New Year drew near I began to think of the invitation I had received, and it continued to impress my mind until I decided to go, not

Accepted Christ Whilst Waiting for the Street Car

A great crowd gathered around the Training Garrison Cadets' weekly Open-Air ring on the corner of Portage and Smith last Tuesday and listened intently to the testimonies and songs. After the Meeting a man who was waiting for a street-car to come along spoke to Brigadier Carter, the Training Principal, in charge of the Open-Air and told him how much the testimonies had impressed him. "Are you a Christian?" inquired the Brigadier. "No," replied the man, "but I would like to be."

The Brigadier explained the way of Salvation and the seeker claimed by faith the blessing he needed, as the two stood together on the street.

With a word of advice and a hearty "God bless you!" the Brigadier shook hands with the man as the street-car came up.

Living Too High Up

Testifying beyond one's experience is a temptation that comes to not a few. Mr. Moody, the great evangelist, once called a conference of workers during which one man declared that he had been living on the Mount of Transfiguration for five weeks. "Wait a minute, my brother," said Mr. Moody in blunt directness. "How many souls have been led to Christ in your ministry, in these five weeks?" "I hardly know," said the man, hesitatingly. "Have any been saved at all?" Mr. Moody asked. "I am afraid not," was the answer. "Well," said the great evangelist, "you are living too high up; no man ought to get so high as not to be able to reach souls."

He who receives a good turn should never forget it. He who does one should never remember it.

A thing done right to-day means less trouble to-morrow.

Gold Dust

Gathered by Mrs. Staff-Captain Merritt

The man who goes about wishing he was never born is not the only one who regrets it.

Many a man called to save sinners is spending his time soft-soaping sinners.

Those are not the greatest saints who do extraordinary things, but those who do ordinary things extraordinarily well.

It is hard to carry a full cup with a steady hand. Corrupt desires lie quiet until they are earnestly opposed.

Nehemiah answers the amusement question: "I am doing a great work, I cannot come down."

Don't Go Down

A certain man, we are told, went down from Jerusalem to Jericho. From the city of the Great King, to the city of palm trees; from the city chosen by God to the city build by Herod; from the city consecrated by the Shekinah over the Mercy-Seat, to the city sealed by the blood of a firstborn and a youngest son. Truly he went down, as Abraham had gone down to Egypt, and Lot went down to Sodom.

There is always an open road from the mountain down to the plain; it is an easy gradient from the rugged heights of sacrifice to the palmy plains of indulgence; there is a steady appeal in the slope from the spiritual to the material. But let us remember that the road is still infested with robbers, and he who makes the journey will fall among thieves.

No man can descend from the spiritual highlands to the material plains without impoverishment of ideals and loss of power.

Let us avoid the road from Jerusalem to Jericho and say with Nehemiah, "I am doing a great work, so that I cannot come down."

Songs and Their Story

No. 2—All the way to Calvary

This song has become a favorite wherever the Salvation Army has gone, for it has found its way right round the world. It dates from about 1884. The words were written by the late Consul Mrs. Booth-Tucker before her marriage, and while she had charge of the Women's Wing of the Clapton Training College. The tune was taken from a secular song under the title of The Watercress Girl. The tune with the new words became instantly popular among the Cadets, was also taken all over the British Territory by the Training College Singing Brigade, with which the Musical Department was attached in those days, and so in a short time the song was being sung in all parts of the country. It has lived on, it still has power to bless, and one from among the instances of its past work we give in the following story:

"A little girl stood by an Army Air-ring. The Soldiers were singing "All the way to Calvary He went for me" but the woman-Soldier nearest her sang, with a joyful face, the words, 'Bless Him, He did' instead of the second line. The little child was fascinated by the singer's joy, and could not get the chorus out of her mind. On reaching home, she shut herself in the front room, mounted a chair before the looking-glass, and sang: 'All the way to Calvary He went for me, Bless Him, He did' imitating the action and tone of the sister she admired. The impression made by that chorus was never lost, and eventually the child became a Captain in the Army."

Notes from the Immigration Department

Lt.-Colonel Tudge, International Immigration Inspector, has returned from his Australasian tour. He arrived at Vancouver on May 27 and passed through Winnipeg a few days later.

He reports continued and increasing interest in those lands in our Migration activities, and further evidences on the part of the Australian and New Zealand Governments of a desire to avail themselves of the Army's assistance in this department of our services.

Brigadier Pinchon has arrived in London, and is taking up an important appointment connected with Migration work in the Old Land.

It is announced that Colonel and Mrs. Hammants (Chief Secretary of the Department in Great Britain) will be visiting the Dominion during the next few weeks.

Commandant Louis Smith, of the Woodstock (Ont.) Lads' Centre, was seriously injured in an automobile accident near that city a few days ago. Three other members of the party also sustained injuries. The Commandant is likely to be in hospital for several weeks.

The Hon. Robert Forke, Dominion Minister for Immigration is in London; Commissioner Lamb is also at International Headquarters.

Picked Pairs

A happy nature is sometimes a gift, but it is also a grace, and can, therefore, be acquired and cultivated.

No one is more miserable than the person who always wants to be thanked.

Your friend is wise who knows when to speak his mind and when to mind his speech.

What may now seem like pleasant voices will turn and become instruments to scourge you.

Temptation is the balance where character is weighed.

THE WAR CRY IS THE DEVIL DEAD? Are Disasters Punishment?

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in Canada West and Alaska
Founder William Booth
General Bramwell Booth

International Headquarters
London, England

Territorial Commander,
Lieut.-Commissioner Chas. Rich,
317-319 Carlton St.,
Winnipeg, Manitoba.

All Editorial communications should be addressed to The Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: A copy of The War Cry (including the Special Easter and Christmas issues) for twelve months in Canada for \$2.50 prepaid. Address The Publications Secretary, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg.

Printed for the Salvation Army in Canada West by The Farmer's Advocate of Winnipeg, Limited, corner Notre Dame and Langside Streets, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

Official Gazette (By Authority of the General)

PROMOTIONS—

To be Ensign:
Captain John Loughton, Financial Representative, Winnipeg.

To be Captain:
Lieutenant Thatcher, Grace Hospital, Calgary.

Lieutenant G. Weeks, Home and Hospital, Regina.

Lieutenant Lynn, Industrial Home, Kildonan.

Lieutenant Jones, Grace Hospital, Winnipeg.

Lieutenant A. Wood, Grace Hospital, Winnipeg.

CHAS. T. RICH,
Lt.-Commissioner.

THE GOSPEL OF GREED

WHEN glaring instances of the low maxims by which many men act in doing business are brought to public attention, it holds the mirror up to so much moral ugliness that there is hope of a reaction towards sound principles of living.

It seems to be a widely-accepted opinion that man has the right to buy on the terms most favorable to himself, to sell at whatever price he can get. Pushed to its furthest extreme this would mean that if anyone could obtain possession of all the grain in the world he would be doing nothing unjust in enacting from the rest of mankind the price dictated by their hunger, and the prospect of death by starvation. Frankly, such theories are of the devil.

How utterly opposed they are to Christian principles is obvious to any one who reads and considers the following words from the Bible:

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ." "Let no man seek his own, but each his neighbor's good." "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others."

These are the statements of the highest right known to man—the right to live, as a son of God, the godlike life of helpfulness and service and ministration to the needs of other men. It is because this kind of living is not unknown to our land that we continue to exist as a people. Any life that is not of this order is an element of defilement and destruction among us.

Late News from China

Lieut.-Commissioner McKenzie

Visits Tien-tsin

A cable from Peking says the British "War Cry" reverts the visit of Lieut.-Commissioner McKenzie to Tien-tsin, where a number of Officers are now awaiting developments.

The Commissioner conducted an Officers' Meeting and a public gathering, both of which were greatly blessed of God. He also conferred with the British Minister.

The general situation, states the Commissioner, remains unchanged.

Read the following stories concerning Satanism and Demon-possession in the World of Today and draw your own conclusions

MANY people in these days seem to think lightly of sin and the Devil; in fact some are denying the existence of a devil at all. The stories in the Bible about demon-possessed people being healed by Christ they are apt to regard as fables, or at any rate as descriptive of conditions long since past. Is there any evidence in the world today of such a thing as demon-possession?

Malignant power of evil

The following terrible stories, gathered from various sources, undoubtedly prove that the same malignant power of evil that has troubled humanity ever since the Fall is still actively at work. No, the devil is not dead, he is still going about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." Take the case of Eleanor Zugun, the Roumanian peasant girl now puzzling the psychiatrists of Continental Europe. She fell into some sin of dishonesty and became possessed, her skin clawed and bleeding from unseen hands. The Roumanian word for Devil, "Dracu," comes out at times on her body. Wherever she is, doors open of themselves and rushing winds blow through, even in still weather; tables dance without being touched; plates fall from shelves and are broken in pieces.

Her own parents, worn out and terrified, took her to an insane asylum, where they shut her up in a padded room behind bars. Food brought to her fell to the ground; plates flew through the air, chairs were moved by unseen hands. Soon nobody cared to go to the cell.

Unaccountable occurrences

A Roumanian noblewoman, the Countess Serecki, who has taken the girl under her care, reports in twelve months some 1,700 instances of unaccountable occurrences connected with the case. Thus a stiletto, hanging on the wall in a room where Eleanor was sitting, detached itself from the wall and flew whistling through the air. She has been examined in the psychological laboratories of Vienna, Berlin, and London, but the experts can find no explanation. Not only is "the skepticism of the boulevard" baffled, but that of the university also.

It is true that spiritists have their "healing mediums," who really effect cures. The following incident reported by Staff-Captain Arthur Ludbrook, of Peking, may throw light on the source of their power. A Chinese woman was freed by divine grace from the bondage of sin. Before she had enjoyed the presence of the Saviour for many months, a terrible disease gripped her with excruciating pain, making sleep impossible.

Then came her heathen relatives and the priests crying, "We told you so. It's all the result of abandoning the idols for the foreign religion. Prostrate yourself again before the idols and your pain will cease."

"As she listened the pain grew in intensity, and so, after a year's happy service in God's kingdom, she succumbed and returned to the dark temple to burn incense and worship before the idol. And immediately the pain left her. The prophecy of the priests was fulfilled."

"The woman testifies that her one year of service in the heavenly Father's kingdom was the happiest in her life, but she adds, 'I cannot return.'

Annual Decoration Day in Winnipeg

The Annual Decoration Day in Winnipeg was observed on Sunday last when thousands of citizens lined the route taken by the procession along Main Street to the various cemeteries, where special services were held.

As in previous years, the Army occupied a prominent place in the procession, and was represented by the No. 1 Citadel Band, under the leadership of Bandmaster H. Merritt, and the Life-Saving Scouts and Guards of the city.

The procession assembled in the Stadium grounds at 1:30 p.m., shortly after which a brief service was held, during which military medals were presented by His Honor, Lt.-Governor T. A. Burrows. The parade then passed along to the corner of Main Street and Portage Avenue, where

Is belief in witchcraft nonsense? We have been taught to believe so, but those who are at grips with the powers of darkness in China are not so certain. Or rather, they are convinced of the reality of these practices. "On the trip," writes Dr. Charles Ernest Scott, "I have seen and heard a good deal about witches. It seems that almost every village has one or more—women of the shrewd sort, unprincipled, whom the people fear but seek, 'bad eggs,' as the Chinese themselves call them, who, according to reports, have sold their souls to the Devil for the power to heal who commune with the arch-demon through the medium of the fox-demon, who demand money and food as the condition of undertaking to heal the sick. They are in their prime at forty, but their latter end is poverty and despair. I have seen old ones who have run their course, despoiled and cast-off beggars."

Procession of witches

"I saw a procession of forty of these 'Wu Po' (witches) go to the local temple to pray for rain. They are a hard lot, sold to the evil one in body, mind, and soul. They are sharp, clever, trading on the superstition of the people."

A Divisional Officer in India reports the following instance, a veritable re-enactment of the miracle of Gaudara at an Army gathering:

"Two charms and three idols have, during the last month, been given up by people who now believe in Christ. In one place we dealt with a devil-possessed man who was changed completely from lying in the dirt weeping to jumping and shouting 'Hallelujah!'

"I gathered a few of the Comrades around him and after placing my hands on his head commanded the evil spirits, in the name of Jesus Christ, to come out of him. They immediately left him. It was one of the most remarkable cases I have ever witnessed. The man then requested us to go through his house, so we had a march and out of all the rooms singing 'Victory for me, Hallelujah!'

A correspondent in The Life of Faith gives her experience of the satanic nature of spiritism. She had been inveigled by a passage in Conan Doyle's "The New Revelation" to sit for automatic writing. After some days' experience, she found herself writing at full speed automatically, impelled by a powerful force outside herself. The control purported to be a friend who had gone down on the Titanic. Gradually she found her will and actions in the power of this spirit, who pretended to help her in various ways. The influence was hypnotic and vampire-like.

After a time, she becameclairvoyant. "The demon telephoned, at first, messages purporting to be from a friend; then obscenities never heard before."

Suffered physically

"For six years I suffered physically day and night. My normal weight went way down. I could not sleep for the torture and incessant talk, silly and meaningless. The accompanying mental depression made my life almost insipid. I went through hell. But for the grace of God on whom I called to save me I would now be hopelessly insane."

Brigadier-General Ketchen, C.B., Officer in Command of Military District No. 10, took the salute. In front of the City Hall the parade halted while a large wreath of lilies was placed before the South African monument, and the Last Post sounded. The procession then passed on through the C.P.R. subway, where the various units broke off to visit the cemeteries.

The playing of the Citadel Band evoked many favorable comments from the crowds, and the smart deportment of the Life-Saving units made an impressive contribution to the parade.

An interesting sequel to the part which the Citadel Band played in the parade came to light following the Salvation Meeting held in the Citadel at night. A woman came forward to the Mercy-Seat, and was converted. In her testimony she said that she had heard the playing of the

Are Disasters Punishment? An Answer by Commissioner Brengle

It is an age-long superstition that death-dealing earthquakes, floods and tornadoes are God's judgments sent in wrath to punish men for their sins. But Jesus in His Word tells of the fall of the Tower of Siloam on eighteen men, dispossessing our minds of that ancient error.

This planet is not self-sustained. It is subject to influence of moon, sun and stars. The earth is not so "static" as it is either growing or decaying and such fast cosmic changes cannot occur without pains and upheavals, so that there is some natural explanation of such phenomena.

But why, if God loves us and has the power, does He permit such things to befall us? That is an age-long question. Job asked it and found no answer. It carries us back to the beginning of evil. If death ends all, then there is no satisfactory answer, but if man is immortal, and this Jesus declares, then the material universe is for man and in some way which we cannot explain, these catastrophes are used of God for the training and discipline of the human spirit. Like the question asked in to-day's newspaper, to be answered in the next issue, tomorrow, so the final answer to our question will be given in the next edition of our life when "we shall know as we are known."

Paul says, "All these are yours, whether life or death, things present or things to come" and "all things work together for good—final good—to them that love God." There our faith must rest in the kindness and wisdom of God which will be fully explained hereafter.

New Property Secretary Appointed

We are pleased to announce that the Commissioner has appointed Staff-Captain Russell Clarke as Property Secretary for Canada West.

Our Comrade is a Canadian by birth and entered the Training Garrison in Toronto in 1906 from Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. His first appointment as an Officer was to special work following which he filled a number of Field appointments. Transfer-



Staff-Captain Clarke.

red to the West in 1918, he was put on special work in Alberta and then was appointed in charge of the military work in Vancouver. For several years he did excellent work as Financial Representative with headquarters in that city and subsequently assumed command of the Regina Citadel Corps problem. Promoted to his present rank in March 1925, the Staff-Captain has since that time rendered good service in connection with the raising of funds for the William Booth Memorial Scheme.

Mrs. Clarke was, before her marriage, Captain Mary Neff, a successful Field Officer in command of a number of Corps in Eastern Canada. She entered the Toronto Training Garrison from Swansea, Ont., in the year 1908.

Army Band in the afternoon, and it had awakened in her heart, a desire to be saved.

**Holland's Prince Consort
Graces the Army's Fortieth Anniversary and Eulogizes its Work
The Chief of the Staff in Command**

The Fortieth Anniversary of the inauguration of the Army's work in Holland was presided over by Commissioner Higgins, the Chief of the Staff. It was, truly, an historical week-end, during which royal and governmental tokens of hearty sympathy were shown. A mighty procession, watched by tremendous crowds, and representing all branches of Army work occasioned touching scenes by the way.

On Sunday morning, in the great Hall of the People's Palace, where the Army has held many huge Christmas feasts for the poor, after introductory words by Lieut.-Commissioner Howard, the Chief of the Staff, who spoke with loving tenderness, exhorted the people to stretch forward towards the future, putting away every type of hindrance.

In the afternoon the Hall was packed again, scores of influential and representative people being on the platform. Among them were Dr. Th. de Visser, representative of the Royal Government; Mr. W. de Vlugt, Burgomaster of the capital; Mr. Jan ter Haar, member of the City Government; Dr. C. F. Schoch, President of the Committee for Honoring the Army; the Rev. John Rauws, Missionary Director, and the Commissioner for the Queen.

A message from the General was vigorously applauded; and when H.R.H. the Prince of the Netherlands made his entrance, the massed Bands played the National Anthem, the audience standing. Commissioner Howard briefly welcomed the Prince, who then expressed in a few words his great admiration for the Army's work and his best wishes for its future. He was glad at last to have the opportunity to come a little nearer to our devoted workers.

Rev. Dr. de Visser, a noted orator and a representative of the Government, paid a splendid tribute to the Army, and concluded by announcing that Mrs. Commissioner Oliphant and Colonel Govaars (two of the earliest Salvationists of Holland) had been made Knights of the Order of the Orange Nassau. (This is an important national distinction.)

The Chief, at night, gave a moving address, the people being deeply impressed. The Prayer Meeting was a stiff battle, however, though finally the surrenders numbered forty in all.

P. de Boer, Staff-Captain.

*This distinction is awarded by permission of the General.

Three Drumhead Penitents at Regina

Seeking Salvation of More Importance than Catching Train—

Three Surrenders in Citadel

Adjutant and Mrs. Huband. This weekend has been a glorious one in the history of Regina Citadel. In the Sunday morning Open-Air the Soldiers seized the opportunity of putting their best into the Meeting, and a great crowd of men and women listened from the sidewalk. The Adjutant asked if any of the listeners desired prayers, and immediately four hands were raised. The invitation was then given, and soon we had the joy of seeing three men kneeling at the drumhead, weeping with sorrow for their sins. One of the men was on his way to catch a train, but took the time to come and get his sins forgiven. The other two men were backsiders. A great impression was made on the crowd standing around, and numbers of other people stopped to see what was happening. Two of them came to the Holiness Meeting, and there testified. They are both doing well.

In the Salvation Meeting we had a full Citadel, and during the Prayer-Meeting led by Envoy Gascoigne, three seekers came to the Mercy-Seat and were saved, two of these being backsiders. We thus rejoiced over six souls won for the Kingdom during the day.

On Mother's Day special emphasis was laid upon this theme, and much blessing resulted. In the afternoon the entire Junior Corps was upon the platform, and rendered a splendid program.—W.G.W.

Treasures of Job

THE GENERAL describes some Precious Nuggets of Truth and Inspiration from a Little-used Gold Mine

"You promised, General, to talk to us, at some convenient opportunity, about the books you read. In view of this, will you kindly permit the inquiry as to what you are reading just now?"

A somewhat enigmatical smile broke over the General's face as he replied in the monosyllable:

"Job! I have often read him before, of course, but I have just now been with him again. I greatly admire not only the fine imagery and philosophy of his poem, but the spiritual insight and the touch with the practical affairs of this tossed-about world which it shows."

"Isn't he a little depressing, General?"

"The idea that the writings of Job are all of a melancholy or depressing nature is quite a mistake. You must remember that the Book is a very old one—some authorities think it to be the oldest of all the Scripture writings. It is the story of a remarkable character who was a native of the land of Uz, situated in the northern part of Arabia. He appears to have been a man of great saintliness, and for long very prosperous in the things of this world. At the height of his good fortune, however, God permitted Satan to make an attack upon him.

Triumph from Trial

"First he lost his wealth; then his sons and daughters died; next there came a terrible visitation which afflicted his body, and at last his own wife, turned against him, and in derision advised him to curse God and die! Then appear upon the scene three friends; having heard of his calamity, they hasten to comfort him. But they accomplish very little in that direction, their condolences and counsellings being rather on the side of criticism than of consolation. Towards the end, God specially intervenes, justifies Job, and restores to him much that corresponded in wealth and happiness to all that had been taken from him; nay, it is finally said that the Lord accepted Job and blessed his latter end more than his beginning."

"What lessons do you draw from all this?"

"For one thing, Job is wonderfully clear as to the necessity of reconciliation with God in order that the human heart may find some kind of peace. He says: Acquaint now thyself with Him, and be at peace."

"Thereby good shall come unto thee. Receive, I pray thee, the law from His mouth."

"And lay up His words in thine heart. And then he goes on in the same passage:

"If thou return to the Almighty, thou shalt be built up; Thou shalt put away iniquity far from thy tabernacles."

"A little later on, speaking of the same matter, he says:

"He looketh upon men; and if any say, 'I have sinned,'

"And perverted that which was right, and it profited me not; He will deliver his soul from going unto the pit."

"And his life shall see the light."

"Here is confidence—hope—anticipation! Job is likewise very definite about death. It seems as though he had but little knowledge of the Resurrection as we know it—I am not quite clear concerning this—and yet I think he must have

meditated upon the question very deeply. 'If, he asks, 'if a man die, shall he live again?' And he proceeds:

"As the waters fall from the sea, And the flood decayeth and drieth up; So man lieth down and riseth not; Till the heavens be no more they shall not awake,

Nor be raised out of their sleep."

Death and the Grave

"How glorious is the light which has come to us upon this matter! How clearly we can see reflected in this Book the marvellous change in all we know and believe and desire that has come from the resurrection from the dead of Jesus Christ our Lord! The best that Job can think of the grave, is that it is a place where toil and woe should cease:

"For now should I have lain still and been quiet;

"I should have slept;

"Then had I been at rest

"With kings and counsellors of the earth. There the wicked cease from troubling,

"And there the weary be at rest."

"What an inspiring contrast we find in Paul's words:

"Behold I shew you a mystery: We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump: for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed."

". . . Then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

"Further," the General continued, "Job has some wonderful words about the nature of Godliness and the necessity for Holiness, integrity, and truth. One of the finest passages in the Bible relates to this:

"Can the paper reed grow up without mire? Can the bulrush grow up without water?"

"Even yet in its greenness, and uncut, It withered before any other herb. Such are the ways of all who forget God; So perishes the hope of the hypocrite, His hope shall rot.

"And His trust shall be the building of the spider."

"He shall lean upon his dwelling, And it shall not stand;

"He shall grasp it, but it shall not endure.

"And was not Job also an early member of the Army of the Helping Hand?"

"He certainly was. Undoubtedly his own sorrow and poverty made him tender to the suffering and the poor. But even when he looks back to his former prosperous times he makes a striking pronouncement—I wonder how many of us could so happily reflect upon our past?"

"If I have witheld the poor from their desire,

"Or caused the eyes of the widow to fail;

"Or if I have eaten my morsel alone,

"And the fatherless hath not eaten thereof: . . .

"If I have seen any one perish for want of clothing . . .

"And if he hath not been warmed with the fleece of my sheep;

"Then may my shoulder fall from the blade,

"And mine arm be broken from the upper bone!"

"In a like way he speaks of the reward and blessing of helping the distressed:

"For I rescued the poor when they cried, And the fatherless when there was none to help him."

"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, And I caused the heart of the widow to sing for joy."

"He continues—making one of the most striking statements in the whole Book, a kind of challenge to one of his would-be comforters:

"Did not I weep for him that was in trouble,

"Was not my soul grieved for the poor?

"Job was no stranger to spiritual stress and struggle either?"

Coming forth as Gold

"He had his full share! This gives rise to one of the most beautiful passages of spiritual import in the Old Testament. It is found in his reference to his own times of trial—one of those periods of spiritual darkness which all really godly men know, when mystery enfolds their experience and darkness seems to lie on the troubled waters of life:

"Even today is my complaint bitter: . . . Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"

"That I might come even to His seat! I would order my cause before Him, And fill my mouth with arguments . . . Will He plead against me with His great power?"

"No but He would put strength in me. Here is Job truly a man of God—coming into a time of darkness and temptation, and meeting it with confidence. He goes on:

"Behold, I go forward, but He is not there;

"And backward, but I cannot perceive Him;

"On the left hand, where He doth work, but I cannot behold Him;

"He hideth Himself on the right hand, that I cannot see Him.

"How many of us have known just such experiences? We are sure that He will not plead against us with His power, and yet it is so difficult to realize Him in His love. We seek Him, but He hides Himself. It must be for our good, and God goes on:

"But he knoweth the way I take: When He hath tried me, I shall come forth as gold.

"Surely here is faith such as one might find in an Apostle—holy zeal, living trust, purposeful confidence. 'I shall come forth—I shall come forth as gold!'

"And then, once more in glorious confidence:

"I know that my Redeemer liveth.

"I know. I am certain. On that point Job expresses the utmost confidence. This is his support. His friends may mistake and mistrust him. They may all but charge him with hypocrisy, but this sustains him, and his grand testimony, given amid seas of trial and grief has proved one of the great supports of God's servants in all lands and in all ages."

"Does not all this help us to realize how really wonderful the Bible is?"

"Yes, indeed! Here is this Book of Job, perhaps one of the least-thought-of portions of the Bible, and one to which people turn with less expectation than to many others, and yet it is just filled to overflowing with strengthening truth and light and inspiration. I can truthfully say that day by day, in my life of continual storm and battle, and in the inner conflicts which I have to fight for the Army and the Salvation of the lost, the Bible becomes increasingly to me a weapon with which I can meet the giant—the stone and the sling not only to bring down Goliath in the contests on a world-wide field, but with which I can assail and triumph over him in the battles of my own spirit."

"Though the General was not exhausted, his time was. He half acquiesced in the suggestion that in the course of these Interviews he might return to Job. But his parting and tenderly solicitous hope was expressed thus:

"Can I encourage our readers to give the Bible a chance? Especially to those who do not know it, I would say, 'Take it down from its dusty corner, and just read it!'

H. L. TAYLOR, Lt.-Colonel

GOD AS A FRIEND

Two Prayers

Two men went into the temple to pray, Once on a time (and yesterday)
One said his prayers in the usual way,
But the other knew no prayers to say,
So he talked to God as a friend;
And the Lord, Who knew from beginning to end
The forms that the first man had used so long,
Was sure that to-day they would not go wrong,
So He turned His ear and inclined His heart
To the man with whom praying was not an art,
But who talked with Him as a friend.—"J."

Should Christians Attend Theatres?

Attitude of the Early Church Towards Amusements — A Dramatic Critic on the Movies — Religious Plays all Bosh — What is Our Duty?

We have been hearing a good deal lately about the cleansing of the theatres and the movies. Evidently things have got so bad that the moral sense of the ordinary theatre goer has been shocked into making an outcry. No amount of "cleaning," however, will ever make the theatre or the movies fit places for spiritually minded Christians to attend. There is no place for the Christian in the theatre, either behind or before the footlights—if he would retain his hold on spiritual things. The only time a Salvationist should attend a theatre is when such a building is rented for the purposes of a special campaign and he or she goes there to help influence people for good.

Attitude of Early Church

In all ages spiritually minded Christians have unhesitatingly condemned the theatre. What the attitude of the early Christians was may be seen in this very fine extract from Neander's Church History:

"A condemnation was passed on all public exhibitions of that period—on the pantomimes, the drama, the chariot and foot races, and the various amusements of the circus and theatre. Such was the prevailing and passionate fondness of the Romans at that time for theatrical entertainments, that a man was at once looked upon as a Christian simply if he absented himself wholly from the theater." Theatrical spectacles were considered as an appendage of idolatry by virtue of their origin from heathen rites, and of their connection with many of the pagan festivals. Among the pomps of idolatry or Devil worship which the Christians, when enrolled in the ranks of Christian soldiers, were obliged to renounce by their baptismal vow, these spectacles were particularly included. Moreover, much occurred in them which was revolting to the moral feelings and decency of Christians; and even if this were not the case, still the spending of whole hours on mere nonsense, the unholy spirit which reigned in these assemblies, the wild uproar of the congregated multitude, seemed unsuited to the holy seriousness of the Christian's priestly character.

"The Christians did, in truth, consider themselves as priests, consecrated for their whole life to God,—as temples of the Holy Spirit; whatever, therefore, was alien to that Spirit . . . must be avoided. 'God has commanded,' says Tertullian, 'that the Holy Spirit, as a Spirit essentially tender and gentle, should be tended with tranquillity and gentleness, with quiet and peace; that it should not be disturbed by passion, fury, anger, and emotions of violent grief. How can such a spirit consist with the spectacles? For no spectacle passes off without some violent agitation of the passions. No one that goes to the play thinks of anything else but to see and be seen. Is it possible, while listening to the declamation of the actor, to think on the sentence of a prophet, or in the midst of the song of an eunuch meditate on a psalm? If every kind of immodesty is abominable, how can we allow ourselves to listen to that which, inasmuch as we know that every idle and unprofitable word is condemned by our Lord, we dare not speak?"

A Significant Title

Regarding the modern theatre, a foremost dramatic critic who has written a book about it, gives it the significant title "The House of Satan." Comment is superfluous.

In one chapter he deals with the movies and has this to say concerning what is shown to the public in these places: "The torrent of movie scum has swept all vestiges of taste, or what conceivably might some day have developed into taste, from the countryside."

Plays purporting to be religious are often advertised by pious paragraphs designed to attract the eye of the Christian element in the community.

What Edwin Booth, surely a competent judge, said of the famous Passion Play at Oberammergau may be said of every such representation. "The impression produced generally," wrote the great tragedian, "was that of a show, nothing

(Continued on Column 4)

A Very Small, But Redoubtable Enemy

Translated from the "Cri de Guerre" (Swiss "War Cry")
by Dorothy Joy

In a corner of the illustration on this page we see, on a man's finger, the picture of an ant. These insects, which live in innumerable colonies, are the terror of all Central Africa, and the scourge of the jungle. At their approach all who see them flee, the big animals that inhabit these regions, as well as the half-naked natives; all, on the first indications of their arrival, seek to place themselves in safety.

These rapacious ants are immense, in comparison with other species, but very small and insignificant when

seen after column, until they find a new forest. These tunnels are excavated through half a metre of soil, and are used through the hottest part of the day, or when there is a storm. When the ants are hungry they form a line abreast, and attack and devour all that they find in their way with such fury that nothing can resist them. They seem to employ the tactics of Napoleon, which consisted of concentrating the troops with great rapidity on the point of attack. In an instant, unbelievably brief, a rat, a

hut, and even into my clothes. When the ants enter into a hut they make a complete sweep of everything. Other insects disappear in a moment. The rats and mice jump about and run, and try to escape. A large rat was killed in less than a minute, despite an energetic defence, and nothing remained but the skeleton. When this army is on the march insects take wing on all sides, and their agitation has often warned me of the approach of the ants. They do not hesitate for a moment to mount some of the highest trees in pursuit of some animal. When the latter is within their reach they pounce upon it, thrust their strong jaws into the flesh, and do not let go until they have conquered their prey. This little insect seems to be filled with a fanatic fury which makes him completely oblivious of his own security."

Master of the Jungle

It thus happens that this little insect, apparently insignificant in appearance, is the true master of the jungle, striking terror into the hearts of the inhabitants, both large and small. We can attribute this extraordinary power to two reasons: first, their unity of action, and then, the persevering tenacity which they show at their task. No obstacle exists for the ants; they follow the road before them without hesitating or faltering. They seem to be always assured of victory, and do not permit fatigue to hinder them achieving their purpose.

Is it not thus in life? Success depends in a large measure on the seriousness and determination which we show in commencing the task. Young and old, recall this to mind. Indifferent and lifeless efforts will ever give mediocre results. If this ant, which weighs about a tenth of a gram, can put to flight elephants and rhinoceroses, it amounts to this, that it must attack with a zeal that knows no fear and continue its efforts, unwearyed, until the victory has been gained and the enemy completely destroyed and devoured.

Children of a common Father, join us to fight with the same vigor the evil and sin that distresses our God. Do not permit jealousy or little, paltry quarrels on secondary questions, to weaken us. The world will suffer, sin will lower man, and ruin him, unless we, all Christians, form a holy alliance, descend on the field to combat Satan and pursue him with perseverance, and overcome through the name of Jesus.



The large animals of the jungle fly in terror at the approach of their tiny enemies.

compared with the other inhabitants of the jungle. They advance like a well-disciplined army. The arrival of this redoubtable horde is announced by the cries of birds, and the snapping of the bush under the feet of the large animals in flight.

An Explorer's Story

Paul du Chaillu, the French-American naturalist, who has made a great number of explorations into Central Africa, and who is renowned for his observations on the gorilla, has given us some interesting information on the subject of these ants.

He writes: "These ants are found in all parts of Africa where I have travelled, and they are the most rapacious I have ever encountered. They are a horror to all living things, for the leopard as well as the smallest insect I have never noticed that they build any sort of dwelling, but at all events, they carry no provisions with them, but devour their prey on the spot. They traverse the forest in a long, regular line, of about five centimeters in width, and several kilometers in length. All along the line many big ants march on either side, and see to the maintenance of order, as if they were the officers of this extraordinary army. If they arrive at a place where there are no trees for protection against the burning sun, when they cannot endure, then working ants are set to excavate a tunnel through which the army passes, col-

leopard, or a deer, is entirely covered with ants, killed, eaten, and nothing remains but the skeleton."

If men would be happy and powerful they must learn to help one another in the same manner. Alone, or in small groups these insects would have no power. It is their unity which renders them powerful and redoubtable. We have often heard, and repeated the saying that union makes strength. Is not the example of these ants a striking illustration of this truth? What incomparable power and irresistible force should we not have in our Salvation Army Corps if each exerted himself to realize this ideal of unity! Our picture shows us the large animals fleeing before the attack; we ought to fight in this manner against sin, then we should make the Prince of Darkness flee. Does not the example of these ants cry out to all Salvationists and to all children of God, "Be United"?

March Day and Night

It has been claimed that these ants can live without sleep. Paul du Chaillu says further:

"These formidable insects march day and night. Sometimes I have been awoken from my sleep by a sharp pain, caused by the sting of these insects, and have been forced to hasten from my hut, and throw myself into a neighboring pond or spring, in order to save my life. It was an advance guard which had penetrated into my

(Continued from Column 1)

more, and all that has been written of its awful and religious effect is bosh, though doubtless sincerely meant by emotional and inexperienced folk . . ."

In spite of all the efforts of many well-meaning people to have the theatre regarded as a means for uplifting society, it can never be anything more than a place for amusement.

Regeneration of the Need

It is not our business to reform the theatre any more than it is to merely "reform" unregenerate humanity. What the world needs is regeneration, not reformation.

"Ye must be born again," is the message we must take to the world. The new birth or conversion goes to the heart of the matter, while reform is merely superficial. When people are really converted and love the Lord with all their heart, they will be ever seeking first the Kingdom of God and His righteousness and will have no time or inclination to watch actors at their mummery or be bored by the foolish twaddle of the screen.

They will realize that "life is real, life is earnest," that there is a great task for them to perform in serving the present age, and that some day they will have to give account to the Judge of all for the way they have lived their life and used their opportunities.

Hypocrisy is one of the blackest of sins; the professed sinner stands a greater chance of heaven than the solemn hypocrite.

Why We Joined the Army

Dr. Lyell Rader of New York
Relates the Experiences Leading
up to Soldierhood

THE voice of Jesus reverberated from His Bible into the sepulchre of our gloom, saying, "Come forth!" and with a came forth bound hands and feet, with a napkin of filthy grave clothes bound and gagged us—we hobbled, we couldn't walk, and we were without strength—our hands couldn't work; we were helpless; words died in our mouth; self-righteousness smothered the voice of God.

We had all heard Jesus say, "Come!" we couldn't be mistaken about that. Our sins were pardoned, our guilt was all gone; new power certain and sure had reacted in our old, aching hearts, and had changed us all; but all the smell wasn't off of me. I waited that next word, "Go!" Oh, how we prayed to be loosed from our bonds, but something hindered—cigars held me—I asked Jesus to break the bonds and He did it. I lost the taste instantly, marvelled, and dropped to the ground and cried to Jesus to cleanse me of all unrighteousness.

Began to be Drinkers

The Lord's voice, through His written words, began to "get" us; to hold us God's righteousness shamed us, and we began to see our righteousness as filthy rags. In the light of the wonderful Scripture we ceased to be thinkers, and began to be drinkers.

The Bible is surely hidden from the wise and prudent thinkers and revealed fully and simply to toothless "babes and sucklings," who are but drinkers. We took the gospel of Christ through our old leather-tunnel ears in place of trying to pass it through our stony heads—analysing, as it does, fully seventy per cent. rock (in calcium phosphate).

Down into our hearts it fell, as seed into rotten, decayed, good soil, and the seed germinated as the lily of the valley—you know that lilies will grow where nought else will grow. Now consider this "lily" in the Rader heart—how it grows, just as it does in a wretched bog, i.e., where desperation exists; all is dead, decayed, diseased, putrid, disgusting and seemingly hopeless until the lily life reaches out and begins to change all of those obnoxious and objectionable qualities, and converts them into perfumes, glorious green verdure and sugar. Under the sunlight of His Word we saw simply a Holy Spirit "baptism for the dead" to be made alive in Christ. We were strangely enlightened to remember the Lord during (thrice daily) the breaking of bread, thus the beggarly elements remind us of God's broken body at every meal, so that we feed on Him by faith, observingly and regularly in remembrance of Him.

Failed to Keep us Awake

We still love prophecy and the Mosaic law, as we do Elijah and Moses, but alone they worked on us like they did on St. Peter on the holy mount; they suggested a building campaign (a tabernacle for each) and failed to keep us awake. We got like the foolish virgins, drowsy, until we saw Jesus; then our first love for leading souls to Calvary returned. We were pilgrims in a worldly wilderness; we joined nothing; we had fellowship with all saints. Our names appeared on no earthly roll until we met the Army at a funeral in Hackensack. A strange warning and drawing of the Holy Spirit pulled us aside for a most peculiar fellowship. Like the "burning bush" the Army enthralled us. I was to sing—I broke down and cried like a baby; a climax had come in our Christian life; we were entering into our rest in Christ Jesus. Again God led us, this time to Newark, to renew our acquaintance with the Army. I had trod in a thousand pulpits declaring the grace of God sufficient through Christ's Blood to save and keep—but here, with Blood-washed soldiers, we felt as free and glad as children. I clapped my hands and felt "foolish." I lost my head—I didn't need my head; I parked it; my heart was on fire. My singing days were over; I had thought, but I sang as of old. I danced like David before the ark, but my wife didn't act like Saul's daughter did, but joined in like a young girl again. But the morning after brought a stiff-necked resistance. Who were these strange, simple folk with such liberty? What did they believe? I grabbed their books to behold them better, and found we were coincident in our beliefs in every particular. We read and

met and loved Commissioner Brengle. Our oldest child, Lyell, Jr., and youngest child, Frances, our only daughter, broke through and signed Articles of War, and indicated their intention of going through the Training College, and consecrating their lives to Christ and the Army.

The Holy Spirit spoke to me on Times Square while witnessing in a New York III Open-Air Meeting. My wife and I joined. My son Paul and his wife preceded us by joining the Hackensack Corps. Daniel and his wife followed on the night that Paul and his wife farewelled at Cadet-Captains to take charge of Boston VIII, Mass.

We are all in the Army and supremely

full of joy and gladness that gives us a peace passing all understanding.—New York "War Cry."

"Light in the Morning"

Glorious Note of Confidence Expressed by Brigadier Crichton as He Enters the Shadows—Impressive Funeral Service Conducted in Toronto by Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell

LIIGHT—IN—THE MORNING!" With fast-waning strength, Brigadier Alexander Crichton, shortly before passing away, gave utterance to this beautiful expression.

The promotion to Glory of this warrior has crowned an impressive career. Born in Selkirk, Scotland, in 1865, he was converted in 1889 and became a Salvationist in his home town. Moving to Canada in the same year he lived first at Galt and then at Credit Forks, leaving for the Training Home in 1892.

The Brigadier was among the most widely travelled of Canadian Officers, having seen service in points from the Pacific to the Atlantic, in addition to Bermuda and Newfoundland. The Brigadier was also attached for some time to the Immigration Department, which involved numerous visits to the Old Land. The funeral service in the Toronto Temple on Wed., May 11th, was conducted by Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell and was largely attended.

The General, with customary solicitude, cabled a suitable message of consolation and grateful remembrance of a stalwart Salvation fighter. The text of this message is here given:

"Deplore the loss of Brigadier Alexander Crichton. He was a fine character and a true Salvationist.

The General."

Brigadier Frazer and Colonel Bettridge paid tender tributes to our promoted Comrade, and the Commissioner who spent some very precious moments with the dying warrior, spoke finally. He said:

"It was not my privilege to know the Brigadier very long nor intimately, but when I heard he was ill, I visited him with the hope that I might be able to derive and impart some blessing. I visited him on more than one occasion, and was privileged to sit by the bedside with my head almost touching his. We engaged

in several blessed conversations together.

"You know, that's a grand way to die. In the course of my work I have visited all kinds of dying people; people who have had a terrible struggle at the finish because of mis-spent lives. When I sat in the presence of our dear Comrade and recalled all that he had done and what he was, I thought truly, as the General put it, he was 'a fine character, and a true Salvationist.' Thank God for a life well lived! Thank God for a fight well-fought!

"Thank God for a triumphant soul! He has reached the goal and has heard from the lips of the Saviour for Whom he fought. Well done! And at His hand he has received the Crown of Life that faideth not away. We do not mourn as those without hope. These are the remains of Alexander Crichton, but he is before God today, and the influence of Brigadier Crichton will be felt in the lives of many Salvationists, both old and young, long after this day.

"Good-bye, Brigadier. God help us

every one to be as you have been—faithful, and at the finish may we be able to say as you said, 'Peace, peace, all is

peace!—and 'Light in the morning.'"

Treasures of Darkness

The treasures of darkness! Hardly sounds reassuring, does it? But let us think over it for a little. Take one illustration: the photographic process. Everyone is fairly familiar with the camera, and the first lesson we seek to impress on the young beginner is that absolute darkness is necessary for the plate or film, both before and after exposure. And it must be developed in darkness, or with a very dim, non-actinic light, which amounts to almost the same thing. But after the young artist has learned this, what wonderful results he can produce. And so it is in our lives, in order that real development may take place, God finds it necessary that we should be sometimes in the dark. His plans are not revealed to us, and we have to walk by faith rather than sight. But then a day of revelation comes, and we discover that we have grown rich. What we thought was but a dark corner in our life, behold, it has yielded treasure.

met and loved Commissioner Brengle. Our oldest child, Lyell, Jr., and youngest child, Frances, our only daughter, broke through and signed Articles of War, and indicated their intention of going through the Training College, and consecrating their lives to Christ and the Army.

The Holy Spirit spoke to me on Times Square while witnessing in a New York III Open-Air Meeting. My wife and I joined. My son Paul and his wife preceded us by joining the Hackensack Corps. Daniel and his wife followed on the night that Paul and his wife farewelled at Cadet-Captains to take charge of Boston VIII, Mass.

We are all in the Army and supremely full of joy and gladness that gives us a peace passing all understanding.—New York "War Cry."

Eastern Review

Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell recently presided over the farewell Meeting of Colonel and Mrs. Bettridge, who are appointed to South Africa, in the Toronto Temple. The Colonel and his wife were paid many glowing tributes by various representative speakers during the evening including Colonel Morehen and Brigadier Taylor. The Commissioner in his address referred in high terms to the fine Salvationism of the farewelling Officers and bid them, on behalf of the assembly, "God speed" as they journeyed to "Livingstone's continent." Colonel and Mrs. Bettridge both gave brief addresses and spoke with much feeling.

Colonel Adby, in a tour undertaken on the behalf of Candidates, recently covered 3,000 miles, visited four Divisional centres and fifteen Corps and interviewed many promising Officers-to-be.

Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell recently, when campaigning in Ottawa, delivered an address which was broadcast over the radio.

Jackson's Point Camp is undergoing its annual "Spring clean" prior to its invasion of Life-Saving Scouts and Guards on or about the first of July.

Two Montreal school-boys acquired a thirst for adventure and, selling their bicycles, set out for Toronto. Their "capital" was exhausted by the time they reached Cornwall—one-fifth of their proposed journey. They "footed" the remaining 267 miles, arriving in the Queen City, footsore, heart-sore and penniless, and with enthusiasm for adventuring at zero. One lad, fortunately, had an uncle in Toronto, who paid his home-sick nephew's fare to Montreal: the other lad had no friend—but the Army. To us he unburdened his inglorious escapade, and admitted he had undergone sufficient adventuring to last him many a day. Officers arranged for his passage home, and he departed a sadder, but saner lad.

Company Guard Esther Perry, the daughter of Lt.-Colonel and Mrs. Perry, recently narrowly escaped death under a motor car. She is still in hospital but is recovering. We regret to announce that Mrs. Perry is very ill and suffering intensely. Prayer is asked on her behalf.

Fifty new Soldiers were recently sworn in under the Colors by Lt.-Commissioner Maxwell in the Toronto Temple. A number of the newly-enrolled Comrades gave excellent testimonies and the Commissioner issued a stirring charge.

Spiritual Stowaways

Let God's Searchlight Find Them Out

One day the late Commissioner Dowdle was passing a public house from which a goodly number of his converts had been drawn, when he noticed a terrible and disgusting sight.

A poor, sodden, flabby fellow had been made really ill by the swell he had swallowed, and had fallen in a heap on the pavement outside. "Mister," said the Commissioner, entering the public-house, "your sign has fallen down on the pavement. You'd better come and pick it up."

Out burst the publican, but great was his astonishment and wrath when the Commissioner pointed to the unconscious heap, and said, "Pick him up, and put him in your window, labelled, 'Manufactured on the premises, at fourpence a pot!'"

This incident was noised abroad, and many, recognizing the justice of Commissioner Dowdle's remark, became interested in the work he was doing, and came to see it for themselves.

A Source of Strength

A real Christian will be a true lover of the Bible. There is scarcely a better test. If the novel or the newspaper take the place of the Bible on his table or in his mind, then it is clear that the world has taken the place of God in his heart. If a man's Bible be clean and bright, and unsoiled by use, undefiled by contact with daily life, his soul is not. There is no better spiritual barometer to test the true condition of the soul's atmosphere. He to whom the Bible seems wearisome, monotonous, uninteresting, has good cause for alarm. The neglect of it springs from coldness of affection towards its Author, and dislike of His rebukes.

Whoever wants to grow in grace simply must study the Bible. It is the way to

gain stability of doctrine so as not to be carried about with every wind of opinion. It is the way to commune with the noblest spirits that ever lived, and be stimulated by their bright example. It is the way to become familiar with the loftiest precepts, receive the truest counsels, and come under the power of the holiest motives. Only he who studies the Word can be strong.

Fearless Front-Line Fighting

News Despatches From All Parts of the Territory

Melody at McLeod

Visitors Cheer Comrades—
S.-D. Target Reached

Captain Tobin and Lieut. Donnelly. The recent visit of Staff-Captain Merritt to McLeod was much appreciated. In the Saturday night Open-Air the Staff-Captain's concertina playing was a real treat; this gathering was followed by a lantern lecture in the Hall, during which our visitor spoke on the work of the Army. Sunday evening the solos of Mrs. Adjutant T. Mundy and Bandsman Bert Mundy, and the testimonies of Sister M. Hardy and Bandsman R. Mundy of Lethbridge were a great blessing to us. The Staff-Captain's message caused much heart-searching.

The Self-Denial Altar Service was a great success, our own people placing gifts on the altar to the amount of \$65. The people of McLeod have responded splendidly to the Self-Denial appeal, and we have thus been enabled to reach our Target.

Sunny Valley

Teritorial Y.P. Secretary conducts Weekend

Envoy and Mrs. Hunt. Special weekend Meetings were recently conducted by Lt.-Colonel Sims. On Saturday night the Citadel was filled, and we certainly had a good time, as the Colonel told us of the work done by the Salvation Army in many lands, and explained how Self-Denial helps in such efforts. On Sunday morning a large crowd was present for the Young People's Meeting, when the Colonel took the lesson from the Manual. Our Y.P. Work is improving and next year we are hoping to increase our Order for Y.P. Supplies. The Hall was filled for the Salvation Meeting, in which the Colonel taught us a new chorus which was soon learned. The address given by the visitor was much enjoyed. We all feel that our knowledge of the Salvation Army has been increased a great deal owing to the visit of the Colonel—Myrblac.

Vancouver 3

Young People's Band

Visits the Vancouver VII Corps on Mother's Day

The Grandview (Vancouver III) Y.P. Band made its first official appearance at No. VII Corps on Mother's Day. The Band, which has just recently been formed, consists of 14 players, who are diligent and enthusiastic. Under the baton of Band Leader Louis Fitch the Band made an excellent impression on their listeners, and it is a certain fact that in the days to come very proficient Senior Bandsmen will be recruited from its ranks.

The morning and afternoon Meetings were conducted entirely by the Band. The very first notes of the opening hymn in the morning Meeting made an instant appeal to the hearts of the people. Bandsman A. Linfield read a Scripture portion. The Band Leader in his morning address spoke on "Christ—The Model Son," and dwelt at some length on the perfect relationship between Jesus and His Mother, an example which every boy should try to follow. A selection from the Band in keeping with the Lesson was well received.

The afternoon Meeting took the form of a Musicae for the children. The opening march "The War Cry" brought much applause. Other items on the program were: A Cornet Solo by Bandsman Arthur Touzeau, a Horn Solo by Gilbert Fuller, and a duet by two of the No. VII Juniors, interspersed by various selections from the Band in full ensemble. Band Leader

(Continued bottom Column 4)

TRAINING PRINCIPAL AND CADETS AT NORWOOD

Feature Rousing Meetings and Successful Altar Service

Captain and Mrs. Cormack and Lt. nations, a copy of "The Thorn-crown-Weir. Sunday, May 15th, was a day ed Head of Christ" dominating the great blessing at Norwood when whole; a draped "Blood and Fire" Flag with a text bearing the invitation of Sergeant Wright and the tion, "Therefore . . . bring thy gift Cadets' Band, were responsible for the to the Altar" as a background. Meetings.

In the morning Meeting Mrs. Carter revealed to us the Lord's Prayer letter, Brigadier Carter read suitable in a new way and opened up avenues Scripture, and during the singing of of thought how arresting and com—"Bring your tithes into the Store-pelling. The Brigadier drove home house" the Comrades filed up and forcibly the practical truths of Holi-placed their gifts on the Altar. Mrs. ness, one sister-Comrade responding Carter prayed God's blessing on the gifts and the givers, and the Captain later announced the total of \$108.65

During the afternoon the music and from 22 donors. (Surely this is a made a great blessing to the people of St. Vital district, a special request coming from one home for the old hymn tune "Sandon.")

The Meeting in the evening was of the length to which the Asiatic will much interest, partly because of the go in such search. A sister who had Altar Service. A tasterily set up not been in a place of worship for altar added to the spirit of reverence six years, and who had been attracted and the success of the Meeting. A to the Meeting by the invitation of a silver tray for the reception of gifts, Cadet, was moved to seek again the backed by an open Bible, flanked by God from whom she had strayed. She two artistic vases of deep pink ear-found peace.—"Weirmack."

In his address the Brigadier depicted the search of the soul after God, illustrating out of his experience the length to which the Asiatic will go in such search. A sister who had Altar Service. A tasterily set up not been in a place of worship for altar added to the spirit of reverence six years, and who had been attracted and the success of the Meeting. A to the Meeting by the invitation of a silver tray for the reception of gifts, Cadet, was moved to seek again the backed by an open Bible, flanked by God from whom she had strayed. She two artistic vases of deep pink ear-found peace.—"Weirmack."

- Victoria News and Notes -

Commandant and Mrs. H. Jones.

The Victoria Band and Songster Brigade gave two separate Demonstrations at the Shelburne Street Baptist Mission, and one each at the suburban churches, presided over by Doctor Walker (Presbyterian). The inmates of the Jubilee Hospital continue to hear the Band once a month, and those of St. Joseph's Hospital and the Aged Women's Home when the Sunday morning Open-Air Meeting is held in that district.

On Mother's Day the Y.P. Band and Singing Brigade occupied the places on the platform used by the senior Combinations and their music added to the interest of the afternoon Meeting. The young Songsters with their Leader and pianist number 30, the bass and tenor parts being supplied by four Y.P. Bandsmen, and a row of small lads augment the soprano and alto of the girls. Their selections are chosen from the Young People's page of the "Musical Songlist."

While collecting for Self-Denial after working hours, Bandsman Wilkinson and Company Guard Holt were involved in a motor accident, necessitating some stitches in the injurer's head, but fortunately not injuring him seriously. Bandsman H. Delamont has arrived at home safely from the Orient, and without a doubt Victoria looks good to him.

With the enforced retirement through illness of Bandsman Townsend, Sr., who marched out with the

Victoria Band on its first appearance, the seniority falls to Bandsman Bent Sr., he having been transferred from Tacoma, Wash., U.S.A., shortly after. Both of these Bandsmen received the congratulations of their friends earlier in the year on having reached their thirtieth wedding anniversary. The happy events took place in the old Methodist Church, corner of Broad and Pandora Streets, then used as the Army "barracks," and long since demolished. Mrs. Bent, for many years the Y.P. Treasurer, was a "Band-lassie" of that time, and played second cornet.

Mothers' Day was well observed in a Meeting at the Citadel. Cradle Roll Sergeant Mrs. Ealing read the names of her charges in the afternoon Meeting, and Y.P.S.-M. McLaurin presented each mother with a flower from a pretty basketful. The Y.P. Band and Singing Brigade also took part. At the night Meeting, Songsters Mrs. Wood and Mrs. Hayward spoke, and Mrs. Commandant Jones read the Bible Lesson and gave an address on "Mothers of the Bible." A brother volunteered to the Penitent Form.

We are pleased to report in answer to kind enquiries that our veteran Comrade, Sergeant A. Croghan has made a wonderful recovery, and once more we hear his testimony in the Meetings. He and his dear ones give God all the glory. "Prayer changes things."

Treasurer Purdy wears a smile these days, for the Cartridge Bulletin, our latest in artistic wall decorations, records a raise of several dollars.—A.E.T.

Four at Weston

Captain King and Lieut. Mack. On Saturday evening last, an interesting Free-and-Easy Meeting was conducted by Captain Lawlor. Adjutant Davis and a Brigade of lassie Cadets were with us. The Sunday morning Holiness Meeting was a time of rich blessing led on by the Adjutant; the Cadets took part and Cadet Laurie gave an address that blessed and helped many. There was one surprise at the close.

Following a largely attended Open-Air we returned to the Hall to find it well-filled. A bright, happy, and real old-time Salvation Meeting was led by Cadet-Sergt. Taylor. Several Cadets spoke and Cadets Wurie and Scott sang a duet. The Adjutant's address was much enjoyed, and we entered the Prayer-Meeting with our faith high. We rejoiced at the close over four souls at the Mercy-Seat, God indeed answered our prayer and we went away happy.—Wanderer.

Seekers in Court-House

Lt.-Col. McLean Conducts Campaign at Shaunavon—Many Seekers

Captain Pickering and Lieutenant Graham. May 7-10 we were privileged to have with us Lt.-Colonel McLean, accompanied by Captain Steele. On Sunday, in the Holiness Meeting a number of Comrades reconsecrated themselves to God, and two men sought Salvation. In the Company-Meeting fifteen children gave their hearts to God. At a well-attended Meeting held in the Court-house on Sunday night, seven seekers were registered. On Monday evening a rousing Open-Air gathering held before the Colonel's lecture resulted in a full Hall. —"Warriors."

First S.-D. Effort

Vancouver Heights Rejoices Over Successful Appeal

Captain Danchuck and Lieutenant Warren. We have recently welcomed Captain Danchuck into our midst. Our first Self-Denial Effort was a great success, although it required much faith and hard work. Much credit is due to the Soldiers by whose efforts we were enabled to go "over the top." Sunday, May 15 was our final wind-up, when we had a good return in our Altar Service, and, better still, seven souls at the Mercy-Seat.—B.W.

Melfort

Captain Johnson and Lieutenant Walker. Beautiful Meetings were held on Mother's Day. In the evening, tribute to Mother was paid by Sister Mrs. Dones and Brother Carter, this being followed by an effective duet from Sister Mrs. Carswell and Brother Gale, and a heart-stirring address from the Captain.

We were delighted to have a visit from Lt.-Colonel Sims on May 12th, and in spite of the fact that the weather was against us we had a splendid Meeting, during which the Colonel showed a number of lantern slides. Captain Thomson, who has been in the town in connection with Self-Denial, assisted in this gathering.—C.C.

Children Lead Way

Seven Seekers at Kelowna

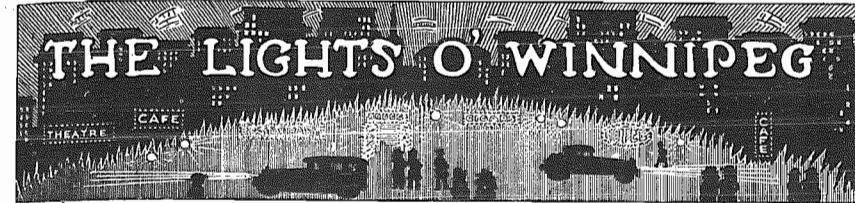
Captain Johnson and Candidate Wiseman. A good program was given by the Young People on the afternoon of Mother's Day, this being much enjoyed. A well-attended Meeting at night was the occasion for the dedication by the Captain of Brother and Sister Marshall's infant daughter. In this gathering Captain Stunell who is visiting here, also Candidate Wiseman, paid tribute to mother, and the Captain also soloed. In the Prayer-Meeting two little girls were the first to lead the way to the Mercy-Seat, being followed by five other seekers.—Interested.

(Continued from Column 1)

talked for a few moments on the subject: "The Mother of Moses."

The evening Open-Air and indoor service was conducted by Adjutant and Mrs. Jackson of the Finance Department. Quite a number of people stood and listened to the Open-Air. The presence of an Army Band is quite an innovation in that district. The Hall was well filled when Mrs. Jackson delivered her evening message. An appreciative audience enjoyed the Band selections and undoubtedly the sweet clear notes of the Cornet and the steady syncopation of the Horns coming from the lips of the Band boys touched the hearts of many. In response to the appeal, one woman came and was cleansed by the Blood of the Lamb. What a fitting climax to a day of bringing joy to the hearts of others! The Band boys were happy. They had started on a Soul-Saving career.—S.S.M.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY



Or A Young Country Girl's Adventures in a Large City

By S. A. KIRKSPEN

CHAPTER III

ROSIE GOES TO WINNIPEG

"Hi, BOSS! better come down quick, there's summatt happened!" It was Tom Cartwright who was shouting.

"What's up, Tom; what's up?" and Farmer McPherson appeared at the head of the stairs partially dressed.

"The grey mare and the buggy's gone from the barn. There's some thief been around in the night."

"You don't say—wal, I'll be right down in a minute, Tom, and we'll see into the thing."

By this time the whole household was astir, the news causing much excitement.

"If what Tom says is true, it'll be the first time anyone has stolen anything of consequence from this farm," said Farmer McPherson. "I can hardly believe it myself. Some one must be having a jape on us."

Heard a buggy pass

"Didn't you hear a buggy, drive past the house in the night, pa?" asked his wife.

"B'gosh! that I did, and I fancied at the time it was going up the lane and that I heard it turn on to the road."

A few more moments and he was downstairs. As he passed through the kitchen he noticed a piece of paper lying on the table. He glanced at it, and read with amazement the following words:

"I have gone to Winnipeg. Don't try to find me, as it will be no use. I will leave the horse and buggy outside the station—Rosie."

For a moment or two the farmer was speechless with mingled rage and astonishment. Then he uttered three words: "The young hussy!" was all he said, out in it was concentrated all manner of emotions. Quickly realizing the necessity of hushing up this family scandal as much as possible, he quietly and briefly informed his wife and daughters of what had happened and enjoined them to keep silence about it. Going out into the barn he found Tom.

"It's all right about that hoss and buggy, Tom," he said. "You go right over to the station and bring 'em back. Miss Rosie took a sudden notion in her head to go and visit a friend—kind of take 'em by surprise. You understand?"

"Sure, boss," replied Tom, with a knowing wink, "I'll keep it dark."

At the station early

It was a three-mile walk to the station, and Tom was there before the little village surrounding it was well awake. Sure enough, there was the old grey mare tied to a hitching post just outside the station. As he untied her the station agent came out.

"What's up down at the farm, Tom?" he asked.

"Nothing," said Tom gruffly. "That eldest McPherson girl was in a mighty hurry to get somewhere when she'd drive all alone to catch the two o'clock train," remarked the agent.

"Dying aint in Winnipeg, I guess," said Tom; "wanted to get there before she pegged out. Giddap there, Dolly." And he was driving rapidly down the street before the agent could fire further questions at him.

And so the manner of Rosie's flight from home was kept a profound secret in the neighborhood; the McPhersons simply telling their friends that she had gone to Winnipeg on a lengthy visit.

Let us now see how it fared with Rosie. Her dash for the night train was due to

a sudden resolve more than a carefully pre-meditated plan. The last letter she had received from Elsie, in answer to a rather doleful one she had written, complaining of her hard lot on the farm, and her father's arbitrary treatment of her, had put the idea into her head of running away.

"If your father won't consent to your coming to Winnipeg to see me," wrote Elsie, "come without his consent. I'd jolly soon show him that he wouldn't boss me around if I was his daughter. And as for marrying that wooden-headed George, pooh! You can make a much better match than that, Rosie. Get away from the farm somehow and come to Winnipeg. I'll soon get you a nice place in the store where I am employed

There was yet time to turn back. Should she?

"Oh, pshaw! I'll be all right with Elsie," she said. She stepped on board the train, and a few moments later was being borne through the black night to, what was to her, the enchanted city of her day dreams. *

"Winnipeg! the next stop—Winnipeg, Winnipeg!" It was the train conductor who was shouting. Rosie roused up with a start. She had fallen sound asleep in her seat, being utterly tired out with the excitement, and the unusual experience of being up till such an hour.

Glancing out of the car window she saw high buildings, streets, and long lines of railway trucks, seemingly passing by



"A new boarder for you, Mrs. McGuire," said Elsie.

and we can board together. Won't that be swell? Then you can be independent and snap your fingers at all those old foggies in the country."

This definite offer of Elsie's greatly relieved Rosie, and her contemptuous reference to George decided the girl to bring to a head her long-smouldering desire to finally jilt him. Poor blundering George had played nicely into her hands and made it easy for her to let him know in the plainest possible manner that his chances of winning her for a wife were nil. She dreaded further questioning on the subject from her father, however, and so had made up her mind that every night to make her get-away.

When all the rest were asleep she had quietly packed her grip with a few necessities, and taking the chance of wakening anybody, had boldly driven off to the station in her father's buggy. By various means such as the sale of berries and eggs, and the saving of pocket money allowed her by her father, she had managed to accumulate a few dollars, and so she was not altogether without resources.

Sense of independence

At the station she purchased a ticket for Winnipeg, a new and delightful sense of her independence sweeping over her as she paid the money down. This was quickly followed by a sense of fearfulness at thus stepping out alone into an unknown path. As the train came thundering in she felt her resolution wavering.

"Well, here I am actually in Winnipeg at last," she mused. "I wonder what the end of this little adventure will be?"

Could she have but lifted the veil of the future at that moment she would have turned the next train back to her country home. But the visions of youth are rosy and no dread of the to-morrow troubled Rosie at that moment. Rather, she looked forward to a good time, to the enjoyment of life as her friend Elsie had pictured it to her.

Feeling bewildered

The train came to a stop in the big station and Rosie stepped out onto the platform feeling somewhat bewildered by the noise and bustle all around her.

Her first thought was to enquire for the street where her friend Elsie lived, and she was directed to take a certain street car. About a quarter of an hour later she was ringing the bell of a certain Winnipeg house. It was then a few minutes after seven in the morning.

A stout, florid-faced woman answered the ring.

"Does Miss Elsie Moore live here?" asked Rosie.

"Shure, me dear, she's one av me boarders," was the reply.

"Can I see her?"

"Just step into the parlor for a minute, me dear, and I'll see if she's down for breakfast yet."

"Whoever can that be asking for me

at this time of the morning?" came a voice from the stairs. A moment later and Elsie Moore appeared.

"Why, Rosie McPherson," she exclaimed, "you don't mean to say it's you! Oh, you dear! I'm so pleased to see you. So you actually had the nerve to act on my advice. I'll bet the good folks were astonished some when you told 'em you were going to make tracks for Winnipeg."

"I expect they were," said Rosie; "but I didn't wait to see. I left the message on the kitchen table."

Elsie laughed heartily. "Oh, you schemer," she said; "you'll do. But tell me, how did you break off with poor George?"

Rosie briefly recounted her doings on the day previous, much to the delight of her friend.

"Well, welcome to Winnipeg," said Elsie, "you'll get on famously here. Now, come on, you must be one of us right away. Come and have some breakfast, you must be quite hungry after your long night ride."

Hastily breakfasting

Rosie followed her friend into the boarding-house dining-room, where a mixed company of men and women were hastily swallowing a meal before they went off to their various employments.

"A new boarder for you, Mrs. McGuire," said Elsie, addressing the woman who had opened the door; "this is the young lady I was speaking to you about the other day as being likely to come to Winnipeg. Miss Rosie McPherson. She will share my room, of course."

"Pleased to meet yez, miss," said Mrs. McGuire. "Shure, I wish yez luck in coming to this city. Make yerself right at home now and everybody'll think the better of yez."

"Haven't time now to properly introduce you to the others," said Elsie. "You see, we all go to business, and as we have to be there by eight o'clock, we're always dreadfully rushed in the mornings. Now, I'll have to be off after I've swallowed a bite or two; but you can make a good breakfast, and then rest in my room for a few hours. I'm sure you must be tired. You can meet me at the corner of Portage and Main streets at noon if you like, and we'll have lunch together somewhere. Then to-night we'll discuss plans for the future."

All this was said between bites as Elsie rapidly devoured a plateful of ham and eggs. Then she jumped up, and, bidding Rosie good-bye, ran upstairs to put on her hat, and was soon off down the street to board a street car.

(To be continued.)

Old Song Exchange

We are indebted to Corps Cadet Elsie Smith of Regina I, for the words of the following song requested by a correspondent in a recent issue:

THE RANKS OF TRUTH

In the ranks of the King of Glory
They are marching away to fight.
They are soldiers of song and story;
Whose cause is the cause of right;
They are strong in a song and a story,
Faul gilding, never sadness,
With their colors bravely flying
In the golden morning light.

Chorus
Stepping on together in the ranks of truth,
Hold by the heroic tread,
Flushing with the courage and the hope of youth.

The Army Flag o'erhead,
Whether in the desert or the starlit north
Land of the ice or flame,
Soldiers of the cross we are faring forth
In God's great name.

There's a splendor of light around them,
There's a hope that is always clear,
For the Master of Truth hath bound them
With a bond that will not break,
And the arm of the Lord shall guide them,
And befriend them and defend them,
He Himself shall walk beside them,
And their hearts shall know no fear.

They will meet with the world's temptations,
They will fight in the world's great field,
But the strength of their spirit is strong,
Their strength and eternal shield,
Though they fall they shall rise all glorious,
Never caring, ever daring,
They shall fight with arms victorious,
They shall never fail or yield.

They shall enter the halls of Zion,
In the Kingdom beyond the grave,
For the Master of Truth is their captain,
Is strong to redeem and save,
Then arise from your night of slumber,
Day is breaking, hearts are waking,
Come and join the gallant number
Of the soldiers true and brave.



We will search for missing persons in any part of the world, befriend, and, as far as possible, assist anyone in difficulty. Address ENQUIRY DEPARTMENT, 317-319 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Manitoba, marking "Enquiry" on envelope.

One dollar should be sent with every case, where possible, to help defray expenses. In case of reproduction of photograph, three dollars (\$3.00) extra.

1856—Colquette, Rose Ellen, Age 39; height 5 ft. 1 in.; dark brown hair, blue eyes; complexion: Native of Inishkeel, Ireland. Sister anxious. Last address Wakaw, Sask.

1513—Hall, George, 27 years of age; height 5 ft. 8 in.; auburn hair, light blue eyes, fair complexion. Butcher by occupation. Thought to be in vicinity of Winnipeg. Wife is most anxious to find him and forgive his wrong.

1504—Bell, Samuel. Age 50; height 5 ft. 10 in.; black hair; dark brown eyes; swarthy complexion. Ironfounder by trade.

1471—Ferris, Geo. Height 5 ft. 8 in.; auburn hair; dark complexion. Last known address Fenton, Sask. Age 50—Anderson, John G. Born May 8th, 1890. Height 5 ft. 10 in.; fair hair; blue eyes. Last heard of at Port Moody, B.C. Mother is very anxious.

1545—Nielsen, Johan, born in Fristrup, Denmark, 1893. Came to Canada many years ago. Last heard from in April, 1922, from Richele, Sask. Medium height and blonde. Is supposed to be well off for farmers. Brother desirous of having his address as he is coming to Canada in a few months.

1475—McRae, Scott. Age 28; height 5 ft. 8 in. weight 160 lbs.; light hair; blue eyes; fair complexion. Last known address Port Moody, B.C. Mother is very anxious.

1537—Madden, Mrs. Frances, Age 34; height 5 ft. 2 in.; light brown hair, blue eyes; fair complexion. Native of Liverpool. Left Manchester six years ago for Canada. Settled either in Quebec or Saskatchewan. Lived in Liverpool enquirer.

1533—McGlynn, Justin Jay. Age 42; dark complexion; medium height; black hair; 6 ft. 2 in.; weight 180 lbs.; light hair; blue eyes. Last known address at that time wore glasses. Mother is anxious for him.

1531—Thompson, Hector (Harry). Last heard of in Winnipeg, Man. Age 65 years. House carpenter. Blue eyes; dark hair; 6 ft. in height; well built. Has not been heard of for 24 years. Sister anxious.

1530—Du Vignau, Albert. Age 50; height 6 ft.; fair hair; blue eyes; medium complexion. Technical engineer. Last known address Paris. Has not been heard of since 1914. Last known to be in Havana, Cuba. Employed by Eastern Telegraph Company whilst in London.

1527—Stampf, J. J. Has been an officer in British Army. Later bought some land to cultivate in Canada. Last address 333 Gore Ave., Vancouver, B.C. Relatives inquiring.

1526—Grange, Arnold F. Came to Canada with harvest party in 1923. 86 years of age; height 5 ft. 6 in.; black hair; grey eyes; clear complexion. Farmer. Worker. Worked for a Mr. Walter Anderson, Carmichael, Sask. Wife deceased.

1522—Magnusson, Hans Petter, also known as Han Peth. Magnusson, Norwegian. Age 65; medium height; dark hair; blue eyes. Last heard from in 1911, at that time at Canora or Kenora. Owned a farm. Brother wished to get in touch with him.

1521—Jensen, John Kristian. Born in Henningsen, Norway, 1886. Came to Canada in May, 1923, with brother. Working as a farmer. John Jensen, Ogema, Sask. Later resided at Dalum High School in Alberta, and for a time was staying at the Arlington Hotel, Calgary, Alta. Medium height of middle height. Dark hair. Father inquired.

1514—Allen, Alfred. Age 50; height 5 ft. 8 in.; brown hair, grey eyes, fair complexion. Engaged in fishing business and owned own boat. Native of Stratford-on-Avon, England. Is a "Russellite." Last known address was Prince Rupert, B.C.

1549—Janson, Anna Lotta. Dark hair; blue eyes. Thought to be working in a restaurant in Western Canada.

Commissioner Hodder

will visit

Vancouver III	Thursday, June 2
Vancouver II	Friday, June 3
Vancouver I	Sunday, June 5
Victoria	Monday, June 6
Calgary III	Friday, June 10
Calgary I	Sunday, June 12
Edmonton II	Tuesday, June 14
Edmonton I	Wednesday, June 15
Edmonton III	Thursday, June 16
Saskatoon I	Sunday, June 19
Saskatoon II	Monday, June 20
Regina II	Thursday, June 23
Regina I	Sunday, June 26
Brandon	Wednesday, June 29
Winnipeg I	Sunday, July 3

United Meeting of all City Corps on Monday at No. 1 Citadel



George Ferris.

You Can Get It Now

A Unique Collection of Songs and their Stories, with Photographs, entitled

SONGS OF THE EVANGEL

By Commander Evangeline Booth

Size 8x11 inches Price \$1.00 Postpaid
Special de luxe cloth binding Price 1.50 Postpaid

For further particulars see review on page 5.

BOOKS JUST ARRIVED FROM LONDON

Echoes and Memories, by the General \$1.25 Postage 10c.

Life of Commissioner Howard 85c. Postage 10c.

Life of Commissioner Lawley 85c. Postage 10c.

Mart the Mill Girl \$1.00 Postage 10c.

Orders and Regulations for Local Officers, Bandsmen and Songster's 15c. Postage 3c.

Salvation Army Song Book, Cloth Cover, Large Print \$1.00 Postage 10c.

Apply to TRADE SECRETARY, 317 Carlton St., WINNIPEG

Use This Blank in Subscribing for Army Publications

To the Publications Secretary,

317 Carlton St., Winnipeg, Man.

Enclosed please find \$..... for subscription to the "War Cry" or "Young Soldier" to be sent to:

RATES

"War Cry" Name

1 yr. \$2.50

6 mos. 1.25

"Young Soldier"

1 yr. \$1.00

6 mos. 50

CORPS ANNOUNCEMENT

Coming Events

LT-COLONEL COOMBS

(Field Secretary)

Winnipeg Citadel Sun, June 5

St. James Mon., June 12

LT-COLONEL DICKERSON

(Men's Social Secretary)

Saskatoon Wed.-Thurs., June 1-2

Regina Fri.-Sun., June 3-5

Winnipeg Mon., June 6

LT-COLONEL MCLEAN

Vernon Sat.-Thurs., June 4-9

Kelowna Sat.-Thurs., June 11-16

Penticton Sat.-Thurs., June 18-23

Chilliwack Sat.-Thurs., July 23-28

Vancouver Wed., Thurs., June 29, 30

LT-COLONEL SIMS

Elmwood Sunday, June 5

Winnipeg VIII Sunday, June 12

A Good Song for the Holiness Meeting

Tune: "Where He leads me I will follow."

Holy Spirit, come revealing,

For Thy counsel I'm appealing,

As before Thee I am kneeling,

Holy Spirit, bless me, bless me now.

(Repeat for refrain)

Why, oh why, should I be pleading?

Thus be seeking for Thy leading?

Thou art always interceding—

Always near to guide me and to bless.

Thou dost know my joy, my sorrow;

All my plannings for the morrow;

So of Thy dear grace I'll borrow

Strength sufficient for me day by day.

Thou hast grace for every trial,

Thou hast strength for every mile,

I shall conquer all the while

Thou art guiding, leading, blessing me.

Triumphant Last Words

Richard Baxter: "I have pain, but I have peace."

John Wesley: "The best of all is Immanuel, God with us."

Charles Wesley: "I shall be satisfied when I awake in Thy likeness."

The Mother of the Wesleys: "Children, I am going; lift a song of praise."

Rutherford: "Oh for a well-tuned harp!"

John Fletcher: "I am like a bird escaping from its cage."

Prince Albert: "Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

A Good Investment

If you have money to invest—from \$100 upwards—you may deposit same with the Salvation Army and know that in addition to earning a liberal interest, it is helping forward the work of God. The Army is continually in need of money for the erection of buildings to meet the increasing demands of its work throughout the Territory, to make up the difference between the actual cost and the amount raised by public subscriptions.

This fund is administered with the greatest care and economy—the Army property being a substantial security. All enquiries and transactions are treated confidentially, and prompt payment of principal and interest assured.

Loans may be withdrawn at any time in accordance with the terms of the arrangement made with the depositor. Officers, Soldiers and friends can assist the Army's work by investments of the character above described.

Full particulars regarding terms, rates of interest and conditions of withdrawal will be furnished on application to the Financial Secretary, Territorial Headquarters, 317-319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba. (Mark your letter "Personal".)